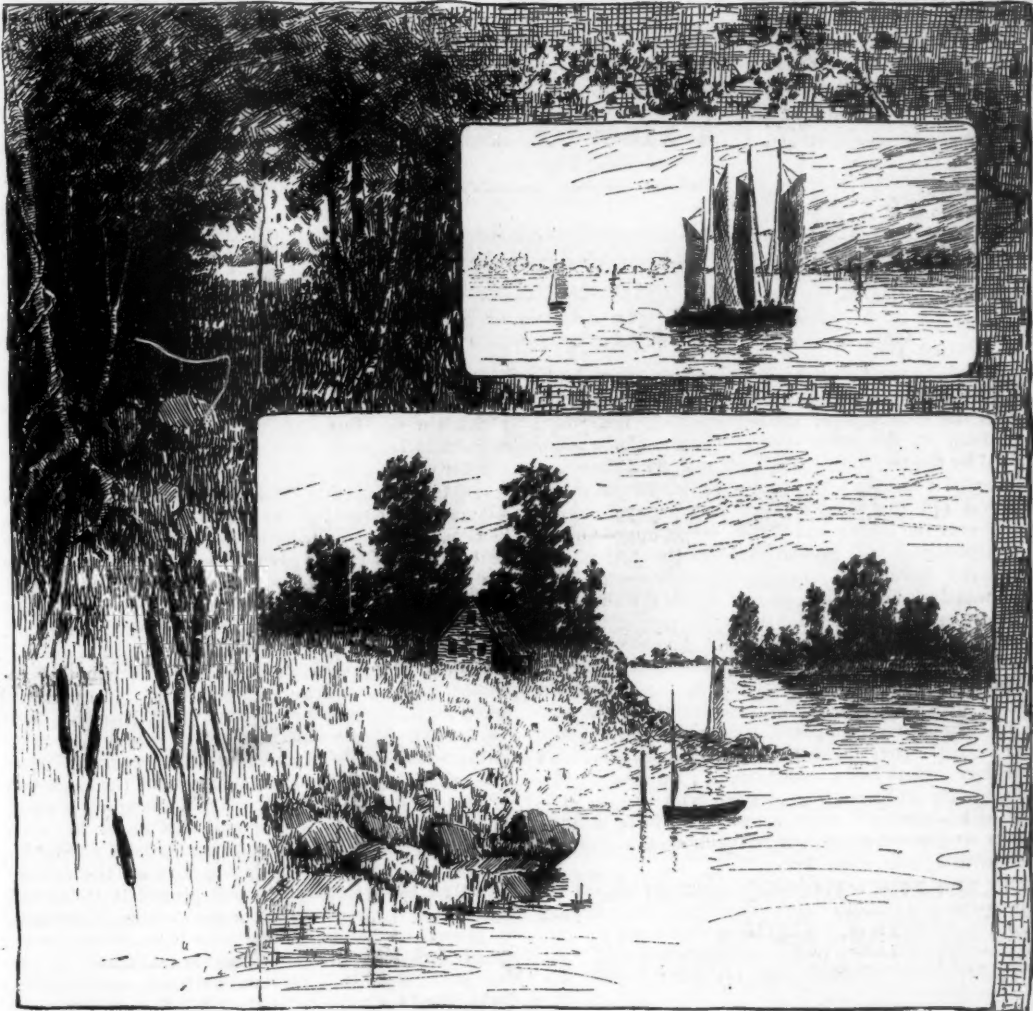


THE CONTINENT

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AMONG THE ISLANDS.

DREAMING we sailed one summer's day,
A day so long ago,
Dreaming as only idlers may
In summer noontide's glow,
Dreaming as only light hearts can
Before the weight of years
Has fettered mirth with cruel ban
And freighted life with tears.

Sailing 'mid islands green and fair
On broad St. Lawrence tide,
Where worldly thought and worldly care
All entrance are denied—
Nothing but nature still and sweet,
Nature beyond compare,
The shining water 'neath our feet,
Around, the summer air.

White clouds move slowly o'er the blue,
 White shadows lie below;
 They stir not at our gliding through,
 So lazily we go.
 The fisher's craft with sails unfurled
 Drift with us down the tide,
 While ships from out the busy world
 Far in the offing ride.

The isles are green, so richly green
 With leaf of birch and pine,
 The lordly oak and forest queen
 Their graceful limbs entwined.
 The slender catkins, brown and tall,
 Nod us a welcome near;
 No sound save gurgling ripples fall
 Upon the tranced ear.

The fisher's hut beside the shore
 Seems sleeping with the tide;
 No shadows through the open door
 Across the threshold glide.
 With dreamy drift we slowly steal,
 Heedless of passing time;
 We hear the ripples on our keel,
 Singing their low sweet rhyme.

That low sweet music echoes yet,
 Those islands green and fair,
 That summer day we ne'er forget,
 Its balmy, blissful air.
 Relentless time has swept us down
 Life's ocean broad and deep,
 But later fortune's smile or frown
 Ne'er bids that memory sleep.

ELIZABETH WINSLOW ALLDERDICE.

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ALL the chimneys of the Summerfield homestead were built on the outside of the house. In a nook formed by the meeting of the outer wall with the parlor chimney, I sat on a certain August afternoon. The turf was soft under my feet; a lush trumpet-creeper ran all over the bricks and thrust tough fingers under the clapboards. I nestled among the leaves and orange-red flowers like an exaggerated June-bug. My frock was dark-blue calico, sprinkled with white dots. A sleeveless, high-necked apron left my arms bare. White home-knit stockings and stout shoes made by the plantation shoemaker covered my nether extremities.

The "New York Reader" lay on my lap. It was a volume with stiff sides. The valuable text-book was bound between covers of coarse straw pasteboard. From the blue paper covering these yellow splinters protruded at broken corners and abraded edges. I picked at one mechanically while reading of a boy who had, in defiance of his mother's warning never to taste strange flowers or grasses, made a light lunch upon a "pretty plant with a small white flower."

The catastrophe never lost its charm for me. I recognized for the fortieth time the coming of the creeping horror in reading how, "when his mother came to him, she was surprised to see that his mouth was dirty." At this point, I became aware that my Aunt Betsey was telling a story.

The back porch ran the whole length of the main building and one wing, and was the family sitting-room all summer long. White jessamine and multiflora roses curtained it, drooping low and thick at the end nearest what I had named "my chimney-place."

My Aunt Betsey was the widow of a Presbyterian clergyman, who had died in less than a year after their marriage. The sad event had occurred thirty years prior to the date of my story, but she still wore mourning weeds in obedience to the custom of the day and the inclination of such simple, loving souls. Even young matrons sported caps then. That framing Aunt Betsey's face had a veritable crown, standing up stiff and high, and a border of quilled "footing." Her

brown hair, interlined with silver, lay in smooth bands above her forehead. Her eyes were gray, mild and contemplative, and, when she conversed, looked at her auditor over her spectacles. She was knitting a lamb's-wool stocking, reeling off the sentences as evenly and naturally as she drew the yarn from the fleecy ball in her lap. She sat in a splint-bottomed, straight-backed chair, cushioned with gay chintz. Her sister and my grandmother, Mrs. Judith Read, the widowed mistress of Summerfield, sat in one exactly like it, and knitted a lamb's-wool sock for one of her sons. Neither touched the back of her chair while she worked.

I could never decide whether my grandmother reminded me more of a queen or of a saint. Her portrait, taken at sixty, is that of a stately gentlewoman, with black eyes, clear brunette complexion and high-bred, placid features. The deep black of her gown is relieved by a crimped lawn ruffle running around the neck and down to the belt in front. Her mob-cap is of sheer muslin, set above dark hair and tied under her chin with black "love" ribbons. At her throat is a red rose. She used to explain, in smiling apology for the decoration, that her youngest boy had pinned it there, and begged that it should appear in the picture. I had been too strictly trained in such matters to quote hymns on secular occasions; therefore, I never said aloud the line that forced itself into my mind at family worship and during the long sermons at Mounts Tabor and Hermon, when I fell into affectionate studies of my grandmother's face:

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned."

Her near ancestors came of noble Huguenot stock. She had their bright eyes and radiant smile, chastened by sanctified sorrow into infinite gentleness. I never saw her angry, or heard a fretful syllable from her lips; yet she had buried the husband of her youth when the eldest of six children was but fourteen years old, and succeeded to the ownership of a fearfully-encumbered estate. Under her administration the debts had been paid and the plantation judiciously worked until her eldest son was qualified to take charge of it.

The porch steps were five oaken beams, eight inches

thick, set in an easy slope from floor to ground, polished at the edges, and hollowed in the middle by the feet of five generations of Reads. An arch of trellis-work, thatched with vines, formed a pent-house over the porch entrance. On the top step sat two girls, my Aunt Maria and Miss Virginia Dabney, a city visitor. Below them were seated my Uncle Archie, Mr. Bradley, the Summerfield tutor, and my youngest uncle, Wythe Read, a lad of fifteen. Aunt Betsey was the family story-teller—the licensed and honored receptacle of genealogies and traditions. Her auditors were now, as always, respectful and interested.

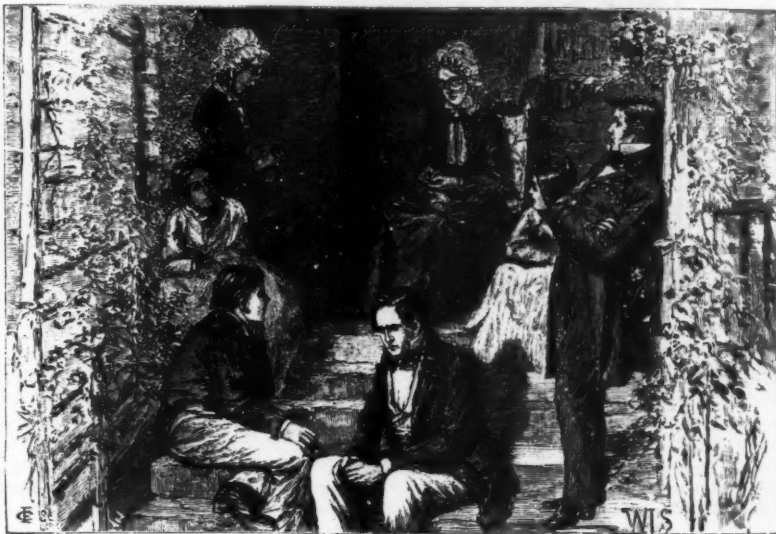
In this, our day, when every scrap of local and general intelligence is seized upon by professional scribes, held up to the light, shaken thoroughly and scraped into lint for application to the ever-fevered sore of public curiosity, the rôle of the oral *raconteur* is so unimportant that it is going out of fashion.

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children

hot and close, and while we talked Jo pointed out a cloud rising in the west. It was black—a sort of blue-black—and topped with white as it swelled up toward the moon. Jo said it reminded him of a gray-headed negro, and I laughed, although I was always timid in a thunder-storm. The shape was like that of an enormous man pulling himself up to his full height very slowly. When the big, broad shoulders and one arm came in sight Jo called to the others to look at it. They came, one after another, until nearly all the company was gathered about the gate, and two or three went out into the middle of the street to get a better view. The breeze had died down completely, and the sound of the falls in the river was very distinct, as it always is just before a storm. Jo said we might imagine that it was the roar of the giant advancing upon us.

"Oh, don't!" said I. "I am afraid that is a tempting of Providence."

"I can see his teeth and the white of his eyes,"



"AUNT BETSEY WAS TELLING A STORY."

tell their children, and their children another generation." is a process the simplicity of which moves us to smiles. Yet what a barren flat would be our record of happenings not yet fifty years old but for the elderly women who loved to relate unwritten reminiscences, and the young people who loved to listen on the door-steps and about the hearthstones of our homesteads when newspapers were few and popular histories unknown?

"I was in Richmond at the time of Gabriel's insurrection," the dear woman was saying when I lifted my head and hitched my cricket nearer to listen, "on a visit to Cousin Sarah Blair. There was a party at her house that night, and after supper we went out into the garden. I was sitting on a bench in a honeysuckle arbor (Cousin Sarah's flowers and fruit were famous) with Jo Pleasants. He married Lizzy Blair the year afterward. She (Lizzy) was singing 'Robin Adair' in the parlor. The windows were all open, and we could hear every word. I never hear that song to this day without a queer, creepy feeling up my back and a faintness about my heart; and the smell of honeysuckles on a warm night makes me positively sick. It was very

called back one of the young men who had gone into the street.

"It did really seem as if we could. The mighty shape rose higher and higher, and broader, and the arm was raised over the head, one forefinger, yards long, pointing right at Richmond. Then this finger changed into something like a pitchfork or trident.

"It's the Old Harry himself!" said the same young man, but his laugh wasn't very natural.

Lizzy had left the piano and ran down the steps toward us, still singing:

"What, when the ball was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?"

"When she saw the cloud she seized my arm with a little cry:

"What is it? Oh, what does it mean?"

"She shook like an aspen leaf, and Jo and I were trying to quiet her when we heard far off the beat of a horse's hoofs dashing along at full speed.

"There he comes, Miss Lizzy!" said somebody, thinking to amuse her and turn her attention.

"She gave one shriek and went off into hysterics.



"THE NEGROES ARE RISING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!"

She was a delicate, nervous little thing, with no constitution at all. She died young, and no wonder! One ran for water and another for hartshorn, and half a dozen rushed up with fans. In the confusion we forgot the horse. I jumped as if I had been shot, when a hoarse voice said in my ear:

"You've heard it already, then?"

"A man had ridden up to the garden fence and leaned over toward us. He talked strangely, panting between each syllable loud enough for us all to hear him.

"Why, Colonel Prosser!" cried Jo Pleasants, "what is the matter?"

"Lizzy stopped sobbing, and we stared at him, frightened already by his face and manner. He was deadly pale, and his eyes glared wildly.

"Get the ladies in-doors directly!" he panted in the same odd way. "Some of you fellows run to the armory. I've sent my body-servant there ahead of me. Some hurry down to the Capitol and have the barracks bell rung. The negroes are rising all over the county. I left hundreds of them on my plantation. They shot at me as I leaped the garden fence. I met squads of them—all armed—on the road. They are marching on the city. There is not a minute to be lost."

"Scared as I was, I thought of Job's servants, with their—" I alone am escaped to tell thee."

"While he was speaking the cloud swallowed up the moon at one gulp, as it seemed, and it grew so dark in an instant that we had to grope our way to the house. Cousin Sarah's two grown sons, Walter and Hugh, offered to stay at home to guard us, but she wouldn't hear of it. Tom was fourteen, John twelve, and she said they were able to fire through a window should

the house be attacked. There were four guns on the premises, besides the sword and pistols Colonel Blair, her husband, had used in the Revolutionary war. She could pull a trigger as well as a man. Hugh and Walter must be off to the Blues' muster-room and help defend the town. Hugh was a lieutenant in the Richmond Blues, and Walter a private. When the men were gone she called us girls into the parlor and shut the door.

"Look here, Elizabeth Scott Blair!" says she—cool and sharp like a mustard-plaster—"Go to that piano and begin to sing—*directly!*"

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw that girl cross the room, sit down on the music-stool and run her fingers over the keys. I suppose that, her wits being clean gone for the time, her mother's will just took hold of her—*possessed* her—and she could do nothing but mind her. Anyhow she began to sing the very song at which she had left off playing not ten minutes before:

"What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not here!

What's here I wish to see?

Robin Adair!"

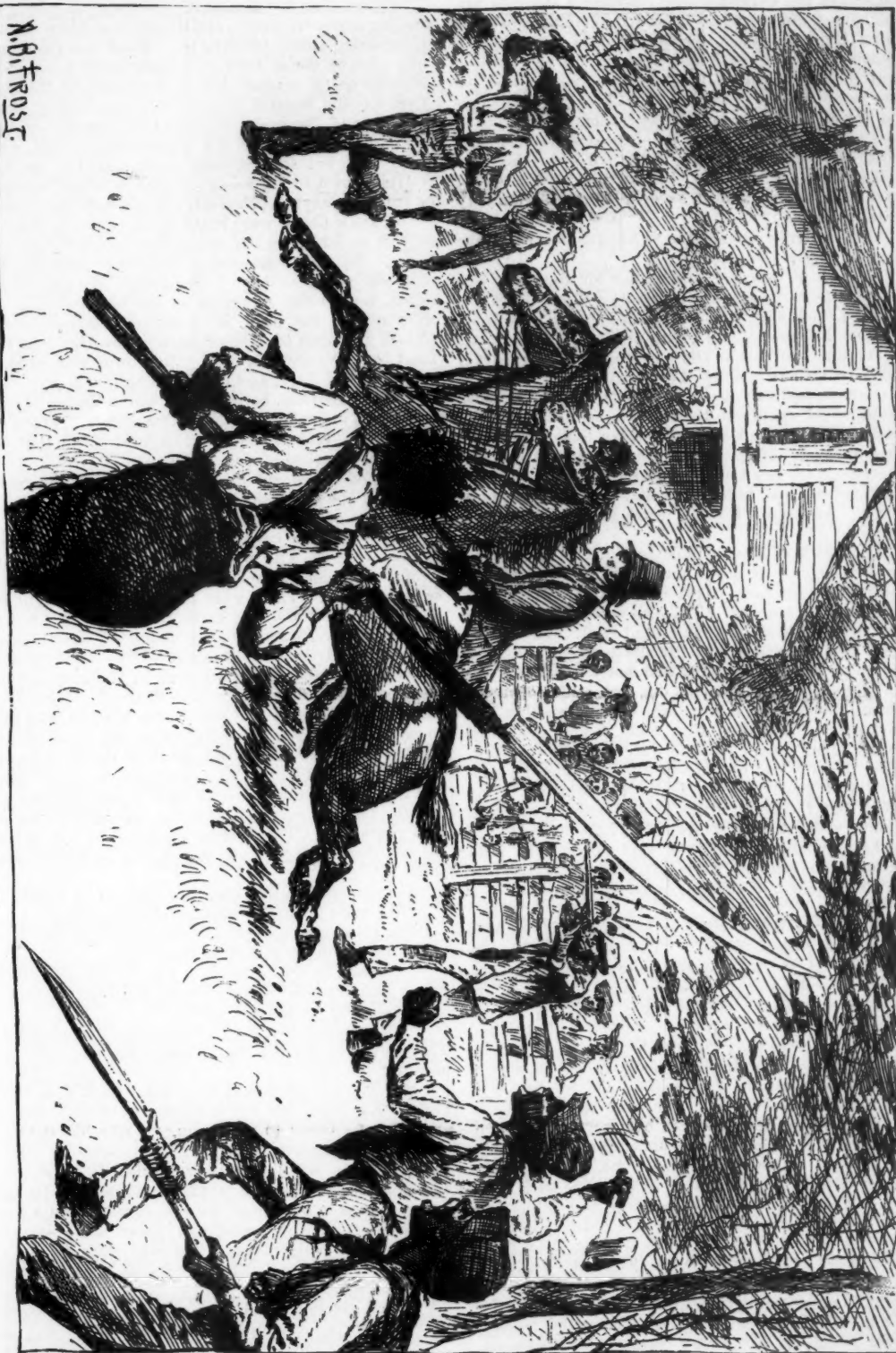
"Cousin Sarah was gone from the room for maybe three minutes, and returned, with the boys and the guns, as Lizzy finished the last verse.

"Now—the Battle of Prague!" she ordered—"and as loud as you can make it!"

"She gathered the rest of us—ten in all—into a corner and set us to work cleaning and loading the guns, and filling powder-flasks and shot-pouches. I think what made me most calm was her sending me up-stairs for check aprons to keep our frocks clean. The sigh

A. B. Frost.

"MASTER AND MAN DASHED STRAIGHT ACROSS THE YARD."



and feel of the everyday working-clothes steadied me, and helped me to think. I saw, in coming down the stairs, Uncle Solomon, the butler, and three colored women in the dining-room washing up and putting away the supper things, laughing and talking, and too busy to notice me. Somehow, that brought the danger and horror to me as I had not seen them before. *These* were our enemies—the foes in our own household—the people who had carried us, when we were babes, in their arms and our fathers' and mothers' coffins to the grave! the people almost as dear to us as our very nearest kinsfolk!

"Cousin Sarah treated me to a hard look when she took the aprons from me.

"This is no time for fooling, nor for thinking," she said, and gave me a bunch of greasy cotton with a pistol and a thick wire. "Clean out the barrel with that, and then I'll load it. As long as that piano is going, the servants can't hear the alarm-bell. If they get a notion that there's a fire down town the fools will be off to see it, and leave their work until they come back. I want to get them out the house as soon as possible. Besides, they mustn't suspect that we have heard anything unusual. If there is a conspiracy between the country and the town negroes, those here will wait for the others to come, unless they find out that the plot is known. An hour's time is worth a great deal to us just now."

"The Battle of Prague must have drowned the first thunder rolls, for we heard nothing of the storm until a tremendous clap burst right overhead, and the room was filled with blue fire. The girls screamed, and poor Lizzy dropped to the floor in a dead faint. We thought at first that she was struck. If she had been I doubt if her mother would have acted differently from what she did. She helped lay Lizzy on one sofa, huddled all the firearms, the sword and ammunition under another, and poked the check aprons after them, before she called Marthy, Lizzy's maid, to bring water and the camphor-bottle. Marthy had not known till then that the gentlemen had gone. Maybe I did her injustice, being excited, but I thought there was something queer in her smile when she looked around as Lizzy came to.

"Law, young ladies!" she said pertly, "is Miss 'Lizabeth done scare all the beaux away by faintin'?"

"Another crash of thunder saved us the trouble of a reply.

"The young ladies will stay here until the shower is over," said Cousin Sarah. "The gentlemen had no umbrellas. Hurry, all of you, to shut up the house, or you won't be able to get to the kitchen for the rain."

"In ten minutes we had the house to ourselves. As Marthy ran across the yard to her room we heard her scream at the blaze that wrapped heavens and earth in a sheet of flame. Cousin Sarah made Patsey Dabney—your father's oldest sister, Virginia—and me help her fasten doors and windows. We shut and bolted the solid blinds on the first floor, put bars across front and back doors, then followed our commanding officer up to Lizzy's room. It was a big, square one, with windows on three sides. The shutters of those at the back were closed. We brought in beds, bolsters and pillows to put up against the others that faced the streets in front and at the end of the house. We were to block these up at the word of command, leaving loop-holes for firing. Tom was put in charge of one gun, John of another; Deborah Chapman volunteered for a third, Janey Mosby for a fourth. Cousin Sarah had on a great, big pocket, and her pistols in it. Elvira Burton took the sword, and we divided up a box of table-knives among us.

"All this time the thunder was splitting and rolling and rattling above the house, and the white and blue streams of lightning almost blinding us. When everything was done that we could think of, Cousin Sarah made us all sit down on the feather-beds in the middle of the floor. *That* was the hardest thing of all!—the sitting there, waiting and listening and dreading, hearing nothing from hour to hour but the thunder-claps, and, when these were not so loud (they never ceased!), the rain pouring down in floods—waiting to be killed by bullet or knife, or maybe burned alive in the locked-up house, for we knew that Cousin Sarah would never turn a key or bolt to let us out if the roof were fired above our heads. She meant resistance unto death from the moment she set Lizzy down to the piano. We put out the lights, not to call attention to the building; but we were not in the dark for a second. About twelve o'clock we began to whisper among ourselves that *they* must be here very soon now. The storm was passing, the thunder fainter, and the lightning less bright. We caught by snatches, between the heavy dashes of rain on the roof and windows, the fast irregular ringing of the alarm-bells—told one another this must mean that the town was attacked at some point.

"Cousin Sarah got up and went out of the room. Presently she called to us from the garret:

"Come up here, girls!—very quietly!"

"She was in the cupola. From there we had a view of the armory. The windows were all flashing with light, and torches were moving in the yard and streets surrounding it. There were other specks of light far down town, and here and there lighted windows nearer to us. But overhead and close about us was the very blackness of darkness that might be felt—an awful sort of *smothering* gloom, as if we were in the heart of the cloud. For the first time in two hours, I remembered the strange shape we had seen in the heavens, and said to myself that it was certainly a sign and a warning of what was to befall us. While we stood there the blackness opened suddenly, and a cataract of lightning—I can't call it anything else—fell right down upon us. I saw the face of every person in the cupola as plainly as I do yours now. The thunder burst out with it, crashing and booming again and again, as if it would never stop.

"Cousin Sarah had to raise her voice to be heard:

"We must go down—another cloud is rising!"

"She spoke again, as we huddled together, shivering and shaking, on the pile of feather-beds:

"We are in God's hands. Let us fall into them rather than into the hands of bloody and deceitful men!"

"By-and-by we heard her say:

"The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed."

"But for her we would have gone stark mad that night. Anything like the horribleness of that second storm I hope never to see again. It was like the terrors of the Judgment day. The heavens were rolled together like a scroll; the earth seemed to be on fire. The thunder was never quite still for five hours. By the time it ceased to mutter in the east it roared out again in the west, and the lightnings chased and overtook one another in mid-heaven. The rain was a deluge.

"This will make a 'fresh' in the river," Cousin Sarah said once.

"What difference will that make to us?" answered one of the girls—Abigail Burton by name.

"Even then Cousin Sarah didn't let the speech pass.

"Don't let me hear any more such talk as that!"

she said, as quick as a flash. "Is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?"

"Poor little John had dropped asleep, his head on his mother's lap. By a gleam of lightning I saw her, after a while, stoop over him and kiss him two or three times on his mouth. Then she eased his head down on the pillows and walked to a window. We knew in a second that she had heard something. One by one we stole after her to the front windows and looked out, those who were nearest the wall kneeling down, that the others might see over their heads. We all heard it, though nobody spoke or moved—when the thunder-peals were furthest off—the 'splash! splash!' of men's and horses' feet and the crowding together of many people. 'Hundreds of them!' I fancied I could hear Colonel Prosser repeat the words. And we a handful of weak women and two little boys! The alarm-bells had stopped ringing long ago. Perhaps the white people had given up all idea of saving the city. How was it possible to do it when in every house there were traitors, and a countless horde of murderers marching upon us in the dead of night?"

"Cousin Sarah's voice went through and through me, although she spoke low:

"They are going out of town—not coming in!"

"We all seemed to think together that night. In comparing notes afterward every girl said her first thought was at that instant that the town negroes had seized the armory, killed the guard, armed themselves and were now on their way to meet Gabriel's army. A downpour of lightning lit up everything outside—the flooded street, the still houses and trees and fences, and right in front of us, a mounted company of white men! Military cloaks and blankets protected their arms from the rain, but as they broke into a slow trot we heard the clink of spurs and sabres.

"The Blues!" said Cousin Sarah in a shrill, strangled whisper. "I see my boys!"

"We leaned far out of the window to shake our handkerchiefs to them. Another flash showed us twenty faces turned up toward us, but not a sound was uttered by them or by us.

"Have they left anybody to guard the town?" whispered Lizzy, as the last of the long line disappeared.

"The Lord of Hosts!" said Cousin Sarah, in a clear, solemn voice.

"She stood up in the middle of the room, raised both hands like she was in church.

"Let us pray!" said she; and we all fell on our knees around her. What a prayer she made for the brave men who had gone out to meet the enemy, and for ourselves, our families, our homes, our churches, our beloved Richmond! At last she prayed for the poor, deluded creatures who had followed the lead of wicked men, and been taught to thirst for the blood of their best friends.

"At that she gave way for the first time, and we all burst out crying. For some minutes nothing was heard but weeping and sobbing. Then Cousin Sarah got back voice enough to say:

"Father, forgive them! they know not what they do!"

"We said, 'Amen! Amen!' We could not be fierce and angry any longer, and our hearts were stayed by hope as well as by prayer; but none of us, except the boys, slept a wink that night. Seven distinct thunder-clouds arose one after another between ten o'clock and four, and were emptied upon the earth; but the awful figure we had seen flying toward us was the angel of deliverance, not of destruction.

"The rising was on Colonel Prosser's plantation, Brook Hill, about six miles from Richmond. His family was away from home, and he was known to be an easy master, who wouldn't be apt to notice unusual movements about the place. The plan was to kill him when they were all assembled, ransack his house for weapons and ammunition (he was a colonel of militia in Henrico County), and to take his horses. His body-servant slipped out of the tobacco-barn, where they were talking it over, ran to the stable and saddled two of the best hunters. Then he went to his master's room, told him what was going on, and to ride for his life. The two were hardly mounted when some of the gang caught sight of them and gave the alarm. Master and man dashed straight across the yard and put their horses at the garden fence. Five or six shots were fired at them before they cleared the two fences between them and the public road. Colonel Prosser could never allude to his escape without shuddering. He said the negroes rushed at him from all directions, and that their yells were like a pack of wolves.

"Michael," in the same soft, even tones that had borne the story thus far, "bring that water this way, won't you?"

A bare-footed negro boy, dressed in yellow homespun, had brought a cedar-wood pail, bound with bright brass hoops, up the steps at the far end of the porch, and was in the act of setting it on a triangular shelf supported by the railings. He swung it back to his head from which he had just let it down, and obeyed the order he had received. Uncle Archie arose from the steps as the lad dexterously lowered his burden, dipped the white gourd bobbing about on the surface into the water, and handed it to his aunt, his hand held beneath to catch the drops shed by the glistening sides.

"Aunt Betsey always grows thirsty at the most interesting part of her story," laughed Aunt Maria. "I don't mind it so much this time, because I know the rest. But it is cruel to those of you who don't."

"Like 'To be continued' in a magazine serial," replied Mr. Bradley.

His speech was very unlike that of the others, more precise in articulation and unrhythmical in inflection. He pronounced *i* like *eye* in such words as "like" and "right," and sometimes *u* like *oo*.

"Mrs. Waddell plays with us as a cat with a mouse, or an angler with a fish," he continued. "It is a professional trick, meant to whet our appetites for the rest. A successful one in this case."

"Michael!"—Grandma checked him by saying as he passed her—"don't put a drinking-water pail on your head. It is not considered proper. You will learn all these little things after awhile. He has only been up from the Quarter for a few days," she mentioned apologetic of the mistake to Virginia Dabney, when the boy was out of hearing. "He comes of excellent parents, and will do well as a house-servant under Jerry's training. He is Rose's child—one of the twins, you know."

"Isn't the name of the other Gabriel?" asked the young lady, with pretty abruptness.

Uncle Archie smiled down at her from his stand against a porch pillar.

"You remember that, do you? Yes; the mother called them, of her own accord, after the archangels—Gabriel and Michael. You don't admire her taste, it would seem."

"I have nothing against Michael. I don't remember his brother. But I shall hate him at sight, on account of his name. If I were Mrs. Read he should change it or leave the plantation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MISSISSIPPI MARTYR.

BY J. H. WALWORTH.

XIV.—MRS. DICKISON MAKES A BARGAIN AND A DISCOVERY.

"WELL, I never!"

The emphasis Mrs. Dickison threw into this fraction of a sentence rendered it complete with indignant surprise. Mr. Dickison had not been familiar with his wife's ejaculatory style for over thirty years to be thrown off his balance by it now, so he simply asked:

"What now, Maria?"

"Mr. Dickison, this town is going to be the ruin of us, morally and financially!"

"I hope not, Maria. You feel morally rickety yourself, dear!"

"From Lewis up," 'dear' continued, too irate for any outside controversy.

"Oh, Lewis is a chronic complaint—you relieve me."

"I don't suppose Lewis is naturally any worse than other boys of his age," says his mother, rallying to the defense, "only this wicked town offers so many inducements to display the evil that's in one. I really begin to think I never did know my own children, nor my husband either, for that matter, before I left the dear, old, peaceful plantation, where it's a pity we hadn't all stayed, and been drowned, if need be. You know, Mr. Dickison, I never was in favor of this move. What's a little muddy water and a few gnat-bites to the wickedness and the cold-blooded selfishness that gets into folks as soon as they get huddled together in these pens of bricks and mortar? It's a regular scuffle for elbow-room that I never thought to see in one of my family. But I always told you so!"

"Wife, you bewilder me! Is it elbow-room or scuffling that you never expected to see in our family?"

"Oh, I expected to be made fun of! I never look for any sympathy or aid from you, Mr. Dickison."

"Easy, Maria! I'm just trying to untangle things, you know, so as to be able to place my sympathy judiciously and offer my aid intelligibly. Shall I wallop Lewis for you? As for the 'cold-blooded selfishness' you're growing so venomous over, it's my impression there's a good deal of human nature in folks everywhere, and what's in 'em is going to come out of 'em, according to opportunity and circumstances. I wouldn't give much for that virtue that couldn't stand a little friction. I never had much of an opinion of the man who first said that 'virtue was simply the absence of temptation.' I always thought he must have been a moral weakling himself."

"That sounds so wise that it ought to mean something," says Mrs. Dickison with asperity. "I suppose, then, it was in Lewis to turn rogue, so it had to come out of him, according to opportunity and circumstances."

"Rogue! Maria, that's a hard word; almost too hard to sling at Lewis, even; though I will say that boy's capacity for getting into trouble surpasses anything in my experience of boys. What's he up to now?"

"Oh, Lewis is by no means the worst boy I ever saw!" says this maternal weathercock, veering with easy grace. "It is just this wicked town, with its loose ways and million temptations. Of course, when he sees other boys buying chewing-gum by the pound, and lottery-tickets by the pack, he thinks he must turn

speculator, too. And if he can't do it by fair means he'll do it by foul."

"You puzzle me, wife! Lewis hasn't been stealing, has he?"

"Not exactly. You know I missed my silver fish-knife, don't you, and laid it on that poor fool, Jane?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jane never took it! And those old-fashioned silver snuffers that Sophie insisted upon sticking on the parlor mantel, to prove to people that she had a grandmother who wasn't neither a milkmaid or a market-woman?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've found out where they all went to! And Sophie's cameo ring, that she laid on the piano that night she was playing for Mrs. Hayden, and—"

"Well, let's lump it, and say everything you've lost."

"I know where they've all gone to!"

"How did you find it out?"

"Mending Lewis' old trowsers. Found this in his pocket!"

She handed Mr. Dickison a small strip of printed matter, and leaned back in her chair with an expression of countenance betwixt triumph and despair.

"Will buy from a needle to a steamboat. G. Shelby, No. ——— Street," was what Mr. Dickison read on the paper.

"Well, what of it? I don't see any fish-knives nor snuffers nor cameo rings, nor signs of villainy on Lewis' part in that dirty little scrap."

"Mr. Dickison, do you suppose I would be the first one to suspect my own child of evil-doing without proof?"

"I don't know what to think, Maria, since you say we're such a badly changed lot. But where's your proofs?"

"Here!" Mrs. Dickison drew from her pocket a package of chewing-gum, two crumpled, soiled lottery-tickets, a stick of licorice, a brand new penknife, a book of cigarette paper, and laid them conspicuously on her ample lap. "How do you suppose he got all this trash?"

"Have you asked the boy about them?"

"I have not. I am afraid, father, he couldn't tell a very straight story if we did. My gold spectacles are gone, now. What shall we do with that boy?"

"How long since you missed the glasses?"

"Not two hours. I was sitting in the back parlor reading, when Mrs. Hayden called to ask Sophie to ride with her, and I laid 'em down to go help the child get ready. I never thought of my spec's again until super-time. Find 'em I can't!"

"And Lewis had been in, in the meantime?"

"Oh, yes! I found him and Mrs. Hayden talking as glib as could be when I got back."

"I tell you what we'll do, wife. I'm not going to take circumstantial evidence against my own child. We'll go to that fellow that buys from a needle to a steamboat, and ask the point-blank question as to who's been making so free with our property."

"And if it turns out to be Lewis?" his mother asks falteringly.

With the sternness of a Brutus in voice and eye, Silas Dickison answered:

"Then—so much the worse for Lewis!"

Classing the whole mysterious transaction with deeds of darkness, Mr. and Mrs. Dickison waited until the younger members of their family were safely in bed before starting out in their new rôle of amateur detectives. Lewis had been left to wonder and exclaim over his lost possessions, without one inquiry or one word of explanation. It was not difficult to find the man who bought from a needle to a steamboat, for they had Lewis' printed slip to guide them.

The prim, dainty little old lady from the country shrank back in horror and disgust when they reached the threshold of G. Shelby's evil-looking, evil-smelling establishment; but her relentless husband drew her mercilessly forward until they stood on one side of a counter, behind which a greasy, smirking, evil-eyed Israelite promptly took position from some den in the rear.

While awaiting his coming, Mrs. Dickison had sent her eyes roving over the contents of a show-case upon which her arm rested. Sophie's cameo ring was the first object upon which her eyes rested. She pinched Mr. Dickison viciously on the arm and whispered, "There!"

Silas Dickison had but one way of getting at any information he wanted in this world, and that was by straightforward, fearless questioning, so he began:

"Some one has been making free with some of my property. I see a ring there that belongs to a member of my family. I wish to know who sold it to you?"

"De lady vich owns dot ring soles um herself."

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Dickison, puzzled as much by the language as by the information.

"He says the lady that owned the ring sold it to him. And a fish-knife and silver snufflers and—what else, mother?"

"All dose tings—she a bootiful lady, distressed un circumstance—prings to me. I sorry for her. I tender hearted—pay big price! Vish dot I had my moneys back."

"Father!" says Mrs. Dickison, in an anguished undertone, "do you suppose Sophie could have done such a wicked thing? I'm sure, now, Lewis is innocent."

"God knows! When a girl gets her head turned on dress she's got very little brains or conscience left. You know the ring and the snufflers were hers. When does your beautiful lady come here? what time of day. I mean?" he asked, turning fiercely upon the cringing receiver of stolen goods.

"Dish time, mos'ly; shoost about early bed-time."

"Good gracious! Father, we must wait here! You know the spectacles went to-day. She'll be here with them to-night. Oh! who could have believed it of one's own child?"

"Say! look here, you fellow; I'm bound to find out who's been bringing my goods here. I want to hide in your hole yonder for half an hour. If you kick up any row about it I'll have you arrested for receiving stolen goods to-morrow. If you keep quiet I'll have to let you go scot free in order to shield other folks. Hustle round and find a clean chair for this lady to sit in while we're watching for your beautiful lady."

So effective was Mr. Dickison's style of address that in less than five minutes he and his wife were seated in the back parlor of Mr. Shelby's shop on two tolerably clean chairs, in front of a small glass window, the parlor in total darkness, while the shop was illuminated by a smoky kerosene lamp.

"I feel like a thief myself," whispered Mrs. Dickison, peering about her in the dingy little parlor.

But Mr. Dickison preserved a stern silence. This matter had suddenly assumed such a grave aspect that the sturdy old Roman trembled to grapple with it. So they relapsed into a moody silence that to Mrs. Dickison appeared to have lasted hours, when they saw a closely-veiled lady glide swiftly into the shop, and, with an air of habitude, approach the proprietor, who glanced uneasily toward the little window where the amateur detectives were ensconced.

Mr. Dickison had told him that if his customer came he was to trade with her as if nothing had happened; so, when she unfolded the cambric handkerchief she held in her hand, and laid Mrs. Dickison's gold glasses on the counter, the transaction proceeded as usual, excepting for a smothered exclamation from Mrs. Dickison when the veiled lady pushed back her veil and disclosed the handsome features of Mrs. Hayden.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Dickison.

"Thank God!" exclaimed her husband.

When Mr. and Mrs. Dickison emerged from the shop of the man who bought from a needle to a steamboat, she had all her recovered valuables tied up securely in her handkerchief, bought back at very reasonable prices from the alarmed Jew.

"I declare, it was quite a bargain!" she says, tapping the handkerchief in triumph; "but, father, what are you going to do about those Pinkhams? I'm sure now there's something wrong about those people."

"If she wasn't Nath's daughter, I'd tell you in a half-dozen words how I'd deal with her, if this town has any police. But I couldn't disgrace Nath's children. I suppose love of dress has driven her to the dogs!"

"And to think I could allow myself to suppose for a moment one of my children could have been guilty of such a thing!" says the mother remorsefully.

But honest old Silas Dickison answered simply:

"Don't be boastful, Maria. We've tried to rear our children right. We've tried to teach them truth and honesty. I'd almost as soon expected to find a rogue in my own brood as in Nathan Pinkham's. I loved Nath. He was true, whatever his children may be. Don't let's judge the poor creature too hardly. She's turned out to be vain and wicked, though, and Sophie must have done with her. It's not for me to be undertaking to reform the world, but I think I would like to have one talk with Nath's girl."

"Father!" Mrs. Dickison stopped short and faced toward her liege under a gas-lamp, "we haven't accounted for the licorice and the lottery-tickets and the things in Lewis' pockets yet!"

"No; we've got to get to the bottom of that business before I leave the house. By the way, didn't you tell me there was a letter in one of his pockets that you hadn't read?"

"Yes; but it's from old Lucy. You know she's wrapped up in that boy. I have it in my pocket now."

"We'll read it when we get back to the house."

So before they went to their beds that night the father and mother read "old Lucy's" letter to Lewis, with hearts made so light by the lifting of their burden of suspicion that they laughed over it with the glee of two children.

"My dear honey chile," Aunt Lucy began, "Mos is a-writin' ov dis letter fur me, so ef it ain't got no sense in it, which is jes' w'at I 'spec' of a fool nigger's writin', yo' kin tell fur why. I write you dese few lines fur to tell you I 'se well an' doin' well, an' hope this

will fin' you enjoyin' the same blessin'. We folks is gettin' very tired of havin' our w'ite folks stay 'way so long, an' we hopes yo' pa will ev' had 'nough uv town-life by de comin' uv fall. The crap looks 'bout as well as could be 'spected uv a crap wid de head uv de place gone; an' tell yo' ma I 'se got a good start o' chickens agin, an' mos' a bar'l uv soap-grease saved up fur 'er. Now, my blessed honey chile, mammy knows you mus' see lots uv purty things that you wants fur to buy, an' she done sont you in dis letter three dollars to spen' fo' yo'self an' nobody else. Don' buy candy, and make yo'self sick. Be a good chile, and pray to de Lord fur his heavingly salvation."

So Lewis was exonerated.

XV.—FLUTTERING HEARTS.

"MY OWN: Some unaccountable change has come over your most respected father. In an interview I had with him this morning, an interview which was of my own seeking, I was deterred from my purpose by a most violent and inexplicable explosion on his part. I had intended to ask his sanction to my suit to you, my beloved one, but my coward's heart failed me in presence of his wrath. It is evident he suspects I would steal you from his keeping, darling, and resents such desire on my part with the most passionate indignation. Can I blame him? Who would not resent the theft of such a treasure from the home circle? But he cannot hope to keep you always, my sweet. Your revered parent carried his indignation to such an extent as to demand that I should cease my visits to his house. Is this not the refinement of cruelty, my own? And are we, who love each other as creatures of human mould rarely know how to love, called upon to submit to such tyranny? This violence may mean your father's preference for some other suitor. If that be so—no, I will not doubt you, my lily-white love. I cannot give you up, Sophie. You have promised to be mine. You are my wife now in the sight of God. You gave me your solemn troth under his silent watching stars. Were it not for your gentle sake I would dare your father's wrath and come to you to-night, for my conscience proudly acquits me of having done anything to merit such capricious treatment, but I would not have his wrath vented upon you, my gentle darling, so you must promise to meet your unfortunate Archibald in the park at seven this eve."

With a heart fluttering, as in all her pure, simple life it never before had fluttered, Sophie Dickison stood under the gaslight in her own room, reading this model love-letter over and over.

It had been mysteriously put in her hand that morning by a tattered old woman, who had pleadingly asked the alms of an old dress, which, with ready charity, the country maiden had rolled up and handed her as she stood with crouching form and meekly-bowed head on the front stoop. It was Sophie's first love-letter. Joe's letter, she supposed, could rank in that category; but his protestations of undying love had been so mixed up with accounts of the crops and the gnats and the stock that it had partaken equally of the sublime and the ridiculous.

But here was a sure enough love-letter, with all the orthodox requirements of such documents (this cold-blooded analysis was not hers)—romance, mystery, persecution, faithfulness, danger—all that went to prove the trueness of their love by the threatened unsmoothness of its course and made the whole experience so deliciously, tremulously, delightfully terrible.

He said he would not give her up! She was to meet him at the park that evening! Something momentous must come of that meeting—something, in all likeli-

hood, that would convert her, plain, unknown, countrified Sophie Dickison, into a heroine, whose name should be known for all time to come as one who had ventured to defy fate and a tyrant parent for the sake of truth and her love. She would have preferred consulting with Annie in this first great emergency of her life. She and Annie had always shared emotions in the old days.

But that would not be safe! Annie was Joe's ally—just one of those fierce, intense, unreasoning allies that it is most dangerous to tamper with. Moreover, she (Annie) had never cordially indorsed Mr. Pinkham, or "Archibald," as Sophie loved to call him in her heart now. Annie was so thoroughly commonplace that she never could indorse anything at all unfamiliar. She must have a precedent for everything. And how could there be a precedent for *him*? Her fluttering heart capitalized every letter in that tremendous little pronoun. Besides, Annie had the most trying and exasperating way of multiplying words in support of her own position and as missiles of attack on other folks.

Sophie had gotten beyond the necessity for many words. She was stirred to the depths of an intensely emotional nature.

Of course she would meet Mr. Pinkham! There was not one good reason why she should not. She knew perfectly well the secret of her father's sudden animosity toward him. Her father was in favor of her marriage with Joe Hinton. Joe was a plain practical planter after her father's own heart. He was perfectly happy when Joe would ride over from his own place, hitch his horse to the nail in the big sycamore tree in the front yard at home, and settle himself into one of the splint-bottomed arm-chairs that stood hospitably on the front gallery day and night, and talk about cotton and millet and Jersey cows by the hour. Her father was mercenary. He wanted to see Joe's place joined by the holy bonds of matrimony to his own. He was ready to sacrifice her tenderest hopes to this pet scheme of his; but he should not find in her a lamb that would be "dumb before its shearers." Oh, sophistry of love!

By the time she had read her precious letter over the fourth time, Archibald Pinkham stood out in bold relief as an injured hero of purest ray serene, and her father, good old Silas Dickison, was rapidly assuming the monstrous proportions of a jailer despot over herself, "a maiden all forlorn."

Of course she would meet him in the park at seven! Not to do so would be to convict herself of cruelty, inconsistency, fickleness and cowardice. All the jailer despots in Christendom should not keep her from her tryst!

Thus began a day for which lengthy moments, nervous intensity and vexatious contretemps forever remained unparalleled in Sophie Dickison's memory.

The iron benches in the pretty little park gave up their occupants one by one; the motionless metallic swan gleamed white and wet under the perpetual shower-bath the wet-faced cherubs forever spurted over them; the glossy leaves of the magnolias glistened in the pallid moonlight as they rustled a gentle lullaby to the sparrows and the squirrels asleep in their leafy couches. An occasional crunching of the gravel in the walks indicated the nearness of a few pedestrians who were shortening their homeward routes by cutting across the park. The bell from a neighboring steeple slowly struck nine when Sophie Dickison stood up and drew her light wrap about her with a trembling hand. Her face was white in the moonlight, and her dark eyes looked troubled in their eager upward glance into

Archibald Pinkham's handsome face as he stood in front of her, tightly holding one little trembling hand between both his own.

"Take me home! Oh, please, now! quick! Let me go away from here—home!" she said in nervous eagerness.

"One moment more," and his eyes seemed to burn into the girl's very soul. "You have promised me! You dare not go back on your promise! I would never forgive you. I believe I could kill you if you deceived me! I almost believe I would! To-morrow night, eleven o'clock, I will be at the corner in a carriage."

She trembled, but was voiceless.

"Say it after me," he demanded imperiously. "Let me know that you have understood it all," and his face grew darker in its passion as he bent still closer over the trembling girl.

"To-morrow night! eleven o'clock! I will be there!" she said in a coldly mechanical way, and in a louder voice than was wise or necessary. "I have promised," she added. Then with a resistless determination she started rapidly forward in the direction of Melborne Street.

Archibald Pinkham drew her trembling hand within his arm, and the two were soon lost in the shadow of the park trees.

"To-morrow night at eleven o'clock! By God, it shall not be!" said Lemuel Burke, emerging from behind the trunk of a venerable tree that stood within ear-shot of the bench where Archibald Pinkham had unfolded his project for an elopement to Silas Dickison's daughter. "For that simple-hearted old man's sake I have consented to play eavesdropper, and, by the Lord Harry, this pretty piece of country innocence shall not bring that honest old heart to grief if I can help it! As for her—bah! she is a woman—they are all alike!" With which just peroration Mr. Burke sauntered indifferently toward the north gate. There he paused to light a cigar, and as he flung the match away he felt a timid, hesitating touch on his arm. He glanced in the direction of the touch, saying shortly:

"Who the devil—"

An elderly woman stood with her hands folded apologetically before her, while she looked imploringly up into his face. "Do you, too, love her?" she asked, without preface or explanation.

"Love who?" the man asked, surprised into an answer.

"That pretty girl that's just left the park. You watched them."

"No! a thousand noes. But what is it to you?"

"It's everything to me!"

"Do you love him?" asked Lemuel Burke, with a harsh metallic laugh.

"Hush! You have no right to insult me," said the woman, flashing an angry look up at him under the gas-lamp. She was plain and poorly dressed, but the dignity of virtue was stamped on her care-worn brow.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Lemuel Burke, raising his hat with the deference of a gentleman greeting a lady. "I assuredly have not. What is your business with me?"

"That wretch!" she said, pointing a rigid finger in the direction that Archibald Pinkham had taken, "has ruined the peace and happiness of my home. I have an only daughter; she and I are alone in the world. He has been courting of her for a year. He put a ring on her finger. He promised to marry her this fall. He has not been near her these six months. She's just fool enough to be breaking her heart about him. I've

just found out what it all means. That white-faced girl shall never have him."

"Do you mean," Lemuel Burke asked scornfully, "that you would still let your girl marry him?"

"Yes; otherwise she'll die. She's a fool, but I can't help that. She's all I've got. I'd rather have her alive as his wife than dead, that's all of it."

"You're the best judge of your own affairs," he answers coldly. "I promise you he will not get that white-faced girl. Now go."

"Thank you, and God bless you!" she said, and turned to go. "My girl's a fool, I know, but she's all I've got."

"Stop!"

She turned again, to see Mr. Burke standing thoughtfully just where she had left him.

"You called me, sir?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," he answered, making a step toward her. "It is just possible I might want to see you to-morrow morning. Where can I find you in case I should?"

"No. 105 — Avenue," she said. "We're poor folks, and it's a poor place. Daughter she works in a machine shop, and I take in sewing. We ain't much—nothing like the one he's taken up with now—but daughter—she loves him fit to kill. She's a fool, but she's all I've got. She's pining to a shadow, my Sophie is. I can't let her die."

Then these strangely-met allies parted for the night.

XVI.—HOLY BONDS OF MATRIMONY.

As the clock struck eleven the next night, Archibald Pinkham, peering anxiously from the windows of the hackney coach that he had cautiously stopped nearly half a block beyond Silas Dickison's residence, was made glad by seeing a slight, graceful form emerge from the gateway of No. 80 Melborne, and glide swiftly toward the carriage in waiting.

"Gad! she's on time. I was deuced 'fraid she would give us the slip," he said in a low voice to his sister, who sat rigidly impatient on the back seat.

"Poor little fool! no danger of that. She is entirely too much enamored of her city lover. As for my part, I am glad the game is so nearly played to an end. It is growing decidedly too exciting for my fancy. By the way, I would recommend you to leave town immediately after the ceremony. Your old love is assuming a threatening aspect, and Sophie No. 1 might prove disagreeable to Sophie No. 2."

"Sophia Barclay is tame enough herself, but that old mother of hers is—"

He sprang from the vehicle to receive almost into his arms the veiled and trembling form of the maiden who was about to dare the most that woman can for her love's sake.

"My own, my sweet, my brave, brave darling!" he ejaculated amorously, as the driver banged the door upon them, and started off at a rattling pace.

But the frightened girl, about whose shrinking form Mrs. Hayden had thrown her arms in sisterly affection, answered never a word. It was hardly to be expected that she should. Her agitation was intense and unaffected. Long, convulsive shudders succeeded one another, and her breath came in short, quick gasps that alarmed her captors beyond measure. They felt thankful to find her sufficiently in possession of her own faculties to walk between them when, the dimly-lighted church reached, they stood finally before the minister, who had been prevailed upon to overlook some little irregularities in the proceedings in view of the sad story of perse-

cution that had been poured into his sympathetic ears, and the promise of an extra fee.

Beside the minister and the clerk and the small bridal party of three, the big church was empty, and weird shadows filled every nook and cranny of it, only one little nucleus of light gleaming about the group at the chancel from a single gas-jet.

The service that was to join those two as man and wife until death should them part proceeded smoothly. Archibald promised with a firm, unbroken voice to love and to cherish. Sophia promised in a frightened semi-whisper to honor and to obey. No voice was raised to declare just cause why they two should not be made twain. The minister was evidently too thoroughly orthodox in his training or too deeply dyed in reverence for the regulations of the church to omit one jot or one tittle of her formulas. Hence he proceeded to ask a question which, all things considered, appeared to the two or three who were gathered there together as worse than useless in its idleness and the delay it caused.

"Who gives this woman away?" The question rang out loud and distinct through the shadowy church and over the empty pews.

"I do!" The answer came with equal emphasis, and from some hidden nook near the entrance door Silas Dickison emerged and creaked heavily toward the palsied group about the altar.

Archibald Pinkham grasped the hand of his almost wife tightly in his own, resolved that mortal man should not tear her from him now. She had started violently at the sound of that harsh voice, but had not screamed. Mrs. Hayden had, however, and immediately fell upon the seat of the nearest pew, trembling in terror for the dénouement.

"God bless my soul! Go on, sir; go on, Mr. Parson; I'm not here to interrupt the proceedings," Mr. Dickison said in his blandest voice. "If this young woman wants Mr. Pinkham for a husband she's welcome to him, 'pon honor she is, sir. It don't quite accord with my old foggy notions, this thief-in-the-night business, and this midnight church-going; but everybody to his taste. Silas Dickison never was a kill-joy, and he don't mean to be one on this festive occasion. Go on, sir; do your duty, finish this job!" He addressed himself sternly to the minister, who "went on" and "did his duty" in a frightened, perfunctory manner, which, happily for the future welfare of Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham, was none the less effectual.

"Now, then," said Mr. Dickison, rubbing his hands together with unaccountable satisfaction at the close of the ceremony, "to the books; we must do it all in form. I'm glad you will be able to boast of one creditable witness to this night's performance. That's me, sir! Mrs. Pinkham, permit me," and with mock reverence he stepped forward and threw back the thick gauze veil about the bride's face, revealing the pallid features and dark, gleaming eyes of—Sophia Barclay.

A dangerous light burned in the groom's eyes as, giving his new-made wife one fierce look full of bitterest hatred, he turned upon the smiling old man, who had drawn her hand into his arm, as if to protect her from the wrath of the man who had but just promised to love and to cherish her until death did them part.

"Damnation!" was the one word that he hurled at the old man, who faced him with a wrath as fierce and palpable as his own.

Mrs. Hayden rose and tottered to her feet, exclaiming:

"Duped! Sold! Ruined! Archibald Pinkham, you

were born a fool, and you will die one!" Then she turned as if to flee from them all.

"Stop her!" Mr. Dickison called out in a raised voice; "stop her, in the name of the law!"

"In the name of the law!" echoed a quiet voice; and a mild-looking blue-uniformed man stepped into the aisle and politely offered his arm to conduct Mrs. Hayden back to the bridal party.

"Friends," said Mr. Dickison, clearing his throat, "I shan't keep you long. I just want to give this young couple my benediction." Then, with fierce wrath, he turned upon Archibald Pinkham: "I've found you out, sir! found you out to be a liar and a fraud from beginning to end! When a man deceives me, sir, and I find it out, I simply shake myself loose of him, as I would of a toad or any other reptile that happened to light on my hand. You found it easy enough to impose on the simple old fool from the country with your story of being Nathan Pinkham's son; that belief did soften me, did make me overlook a good many things I didn't just quite like; but I thank God I've found one man here strong enough to call a lie a lie and a scoundrel a scoundrel. It's no credit to me that you did not succeed in your scoundrelly attempt to carry off my silly child. I deserve worse luck for being such a fool as to have been taken in by you. And while I can't say I think much of the woman who has consented to take you for 'worse' (for there ain't any 'better' in you—no, sir, by Jupiter! you're bad from beginning to end), still she's got pretty good grounds to go on, seeing as she wore your engagement ring before ever my poor girl heard of you. In case you should feel badly about any suffering you may have inflicted in that quarter, let me tell you that my Sophia dressed your Sophia for this interesting ceremony just concluded. And now for a final injunction. I know you—I know her," pointing scornfully at Mrs. Hayden. "You are confidence folks. You are a gambler, and she likes cameo rings and silver snuffers and things. If you ever do allow any one to suspect that Silas Dickison was ever fool enough to take you by the hand, so help me God you shall both sting for it. Mr. Parson, I beg pardon of the Lord's house for my share in this disgraceful scene. I owe you none, sir, for the minister who would disgrace his calling by any such midnight prowling as this, sir, don't deserve the respect nor the consideration of any honest, decent man. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham, I wish you all the happiness that can come of such a well-assorted union. Mrs. Pinkham will kindly explain to you at her leisure, sir, how Mr. Burke and her mother were so fortunate as to be present when you extracted from my silly child a promise to elope with you to-night, and how that honest gentleman came to me with the news, and how we together went to her mother's house to interview Miss Barclay, and between us concocted a plan by which you should not be deprived of your laudable desire to turn a Benedict; and how she humbly consented to play substitute, all because she loves you, sir, with that inexplicable constancy and incomprehensible devotion that women will sometimes bestow upon the slimy creatures of this world, sir. I have heard of women petting snakes, sir. I never believed in the possibility of it before; I do now, sir! And now, sir, if I could find an honest man in this crowd, I would ask him to kick me from this altar to No. 80 Melborne Street for having been such an ass and such a dupe. It would be a kindness I should feel grateful for. It would restore my self-respect in a measure. Policeman, probably you could accommodate me in that matter!"

The policeman politely declining to officiate as kicker plenipotentiary, Mr. Dickison was compelled to find his way home unkickèd, which he went about doing with one final and totally irrelevant "Yes, sir!" wrathfully hurled at the whole group of evil-doers as he slammed his hat on his head, as if it, too, partook of the universal degeneracy of its surroundings.

XVII.—HOME AGAIN.

WHEN the short autumn days came again, with their clear skies and tender, sad beauty, the Dickisons were not loth to turn their steps homeward. The exact date of their return to their country home was thus conveyed in a letter from Sophie to Jo Hinton. This is what she said:

"DEAR JO: You have had time to exhaust even your kindly store of patience in wondering over me and your own unanswered letter. If you knew why that letter remained so long neglected, dear Jo, you would never speak to me again, much less still wish to come and take me home as your wife. You shall know, too. It will be easier writing it to you from here than telling it to you, with your grave, earnest eyes looking down into my silly, guilty face. Oh! Jo, it is hard to have to write what will make you despise me just as I've come into a knowledge of your true worth, but it is all the reparation I can make you—this honest, clean confession; and here it is. I shall not blame you one particle if you just turn away from me entirely after reading it. I knew you loved me, Jo, before I left the dear old home, and I thought that I knew I loved you, but the love of such a silly, fickle thing as I have shown myself is not worth the taking, Jo, and would be but a poor return for your steadfast trust and patient devotion. I have been saved from a deed of folly, dear, so shocking to me now, looked back upon from the standpoint of recovered reason, that I feel my punishment will have been ample after I have abased myself in confession to you. I don't doubt that the good and the true and beautiful in human nature is just as abundant in the crowded cities as in the loneliest country hamlet, Jo, only there are so many more in the towns to illustrate both the good and the evil, that one is safer from the latter in the pure, friendly country, where disguises are impossible and deception difficult. Through an imposition practised upon dear, honest old father, we have been taking by the hands two very disreputable people, Jo—a brother and a sister. We have reason now to believe that our intimacy with these people has caused the better class of folks here to hold sternly aloof from us. But that would not in the least matter, for you know we only came here for a little stay. Jo—if—oh! if—(I wish I hadn't told father I must be the one to tell you all this!) I—Jo—I have been a fool! such a terrible, unforgivable, silly, silly girl, Jo—I allowed my fancy to be taken captive by a drooping mustache, a pair of dark eyes, a soft voice and a wicked, oily tongue! Can you forgive me? I forgot you, Jo! forgot myself, forgot common sense, and everything that is worth the remembering, and promised—oh, Jo!—promised to leave my home clandestinely to marry a wretch who has turned out to be one huge fraud—even his name not his own. I have no excuse to make for myself, Jo—it is not even to my credit that I am not at this moment the wretched wife of a most depraved man. To the faithful friendship of a Mr. Burke, a new friend of father's, I owe my escape. Now, I have told you all. I repeat, Jo, I have no excuse to make for myself, only I was resolved you should not come to me thinking I was a better woman than I am. If you can be better to me than I am to myself, Jo, and pardon this worse than foolishness, come and take me home—home to the shelter of your own dear, true heart. But I shall not wonder nor

blame if you do not. I'll only grieve, Jo, and drink the bitter cup as part of my merited punishment.

"I've told you about this Mr. Burke. He is a man of sorrows—sorrows that he bears with a stern, quiet dignity that almost forbids one to pity him. He surprised us yesterday by a request he made of mother—a request which she cordially granted. He brought his little six-year-old boy to her, and said: 'Will you take him home with you to God's pure, free country, and keep him for me a while? I left him with his mother during his tenderest years, when no harm could come of weak examples. She has added crime to folly, and she cannot keep him longer.' So this forlorn little waif is to go home with us. Oh, this world, with all its lights and shadows, with all its pains and penalties, what a strange, wild whirl it keeps one in!

And now, dear Jo, good-by. Father has written you when we will be ready to go home; I have written you so you shall be able to decide how we shall go home.

"Yours, if you choose, SOPHIE."

Jo did choose. He came for them, took humble and contrite Sophie into his strong arms, and there, while she sobbed out anew her shame and penitence, he smoothed back the disordered hair from her tear-stained face and tenderly pressed a forgiving kiss upon the trembling lips.

They were married very quietly in church before starting for the plantation, Mr. Burke being the only invited guest; but there was more rejoicing in that small family circle over the one recovered member of it than over all the rest that went not astray.

"Well!" was Silas Dickison's hearty exclamation as he once more hung up his hat on its old familiar peg, "they say that 'God made the country and man made the town.' I can vouch for the first clause of the proposition, and may the devil fly away with me for a fool if ever I allow myself to be martyred again! Mrs. Dickison, hereafter *this* shoemaker proposes to 'stick to his last.'"

"So does this one, my dear. You know I never was in favor of the move. I told you so."

But the martyr looked incredulous.

XVIII.—CONCLUSION.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone and come again for the third time since the Dickisons had returned from what they were pleased to call their town experiment.

It had come again, as Christmas will come whether folks are sad or glad. This was expected to be an especially glad Christmas on the old plantation. Jo and his wife were to be over, of course. Lewis was come back for the holidays, and Charlie was to take off the mournful black ribbons that good old Mrs. Dickison had insisted upon be-knotting him all over with, when Mr. Burke had formally announced to them that his child was motherless, finally, in every sense of the word. Not that Charlie cared a rush whether the ribbons he wore were blue, black or green; but his whole young soul was in a state of wildest effervescence on this especial Christmas, for his father was to come down to spend it with them. Annie was up very early on the important morning in question. She stole quietly down stairs and opened the front doors as noiselessly as possible, and stood motionless as a devotee. Lewis and Charlie had a project on hand for supplying the house with Christmas berries and mistletoe: Lewis had made the little city exile happy by promising him he should ride behind him to the woods on Fancy, his pretty little bay mare. And Charlie, after rubbing his eyes fiercely with his knuckles to "wake 'em up" had dressed "jus' like

a mouse" and slipped down stairs "as easy as nuffin'," to be on hand betimes.

"If St. Nicholas, the good old patron saint of the day, had whirled me skyward during the night behind his prancing steeds, depositing me bodily in his own mythical realms of ice and glitter, I am convinced that he could have shown me no more dazzlingly beautiful spectacle than this," Annie exclaimed aloud, though there was nothing but the frosty air to receive her enthusiastic exclamations.

And surely never had nature smiled more brilliantly since that first Christmas morning in the long ago, when her great heart pulsed to the glad tidings that the "Desire of all nations" was come, and she smiled a beneficent welcome down upon the babe in the manger.

A heavy white frost had crept silently over all the face of creation, glorifying the commonplace. The very weeds, whose insolent luxuriance from the rank intrusiveness of their summer growth to the stiff, stark ugliness of their winter deaths was such an eye-sore, had been found worthy of notice by the Ice King. Sparkling diadems crowned the tufted heads, which they seemed to nod at one as if bearing triumphant witness that He showereth His benefits upon the unjust as upon the just. The old cedars that guarded the front gate on either side had been metamorphosed by the same white magician from dark-browed gloomy sentinels into glittering pyramids of crystals, which, touched by the warm kisses of the new-risen sun, glowed and flashed with ten thousand prismatic splendors. Hundreds of crimson cardinal-birds, bluebirds, orioles, saucy woodpeckers and sober-hued cedar-birds swung and chattered and fussed and fluttered in the frozen branches, pecking the cedar-berries, and returning tuneful thanks for feast and sunshine to the giver of all good. Slowly, almost hesitantly, as if loth to leave so fair and glittering a scene, a white fog uprose over the calm blue waters of the lake until, catching a golden tint from the sea of liquid topaz that still enveloped the sun, it warmed and brightened to a sense of Heaven's better things, and floated swiftly skyward in fleecy, shining masses, like disembodied spirits gladly taking their upward flight.

As Annie stood there, thinking some such thoughts as these, the clatter of Fancy's heels on the frosty ground smote upon her ears, and she turned to see apparently "Birnam wood approaching Dunsinane," such a peripatetic mass of green did the boys and pony together present.

"Isn't it beautiful, my boy?" she asked, bending her sweet face, all aglow with enthusiasm, over Charlie, who danced toward her with both hands full of mistletoe. "Oh, this is a grandly beautiful world, Charlie, if people would only look nature fairly and squarely in the face, forgetting themselves the while in adoring appreciation of her majesty."

"And papa's coming, too," remarked Charlie sagely, feeling the general enthusiasm, but not quite far enough advanced in the paths of wisdom to give nature her share of the credit.

"Yes, and papa's coming, too," Annie repeated with a light laugh and brighter blush. "I'm afraid I was vaulting over the heads of my auditors in my enthusiasm over this glorious morning," and she turned to lead the way to the dining-room. She and Lewis, assisted (or hindered) by Charlie, had decorated the rooms quite to their own satisfaction, if to nobody else's, by the time the breakfast-bell brought the rest of the family from their various apartments.

The united prophesying powers of the family were brought to bear upon the coming boat that was to bring

them Mr. Lemuel Burke, their honored guest. It was unanimously decided that his coming could not possibly be delayed beyond two o'clock, though with equal unanimity it was agreed that "boats always come hours later when anybody was looking for anybody."

Annie's growing restlessness sought alleviation in motion. The clock was on the dining-room mantel, so that was her favorite rendezvous. She must slip in once more to look at the clock. Aunt Lucy was engaged in a species of infantry drill intended to insure the Dickison establishment against any possibility of disgrace on the august occasion of feeding "city folks." Two very small, very black and very stupid recruits from the "Quarters" had been pressed into service to wait on the table. They rejoiced in the names of Bob and Dan. Were it not for the abject terror of Aunt Lucy, which kept them on the alert and caused their eyes to roll about in a perfect frenzy of zeal, one would be inclined to consider them but broken reeds upon which to rest the family reputation.

As Annie entered the room that petticoated martinet had just planted them in position, with a double-quick, right-wheel motion (that I'm not at all sure could be found in Upton's tactics), in which the boys could hardly be said to sustain a volunteer part, and was saying to Bob (who clasped his waiter shield-fashion before his dauntless young breast, as if resolute to die with it or on it, while he gazed into Aunt Lucy's awful countenance with wrapt attention):

"Now, you Bob! lis'n t' me, nigger! Ef you draps that waiter one mo' time, jes' one mo', min' you, whiles wite folks is settin' at dis table, I'll brain yer t'nite wid de rollin'-pin! Fore de Lam', I will, nigger! He's done drapt it fo' times already, missy."

This in an explanatory aside to Annie, in extenuation of her Draconian threat.

"Now den, tell me one mo' time wot's de fus' thing you 'se gwine to do arter de folks sots down?" she asks in milder accents, having expended her stock of ready-made wrath in that one awful threat of braining Bob with the rolling-pin.

"Fotch de wite folks some soop," says Bob, giving a triumphant upward hitch to his new blue cottonade trowsers, as Aunt Lucy's nod of approval tells him he is so far correct.

"An' who you gwine to fotch soop t' fus' an' fo'mos'?"

"Miss Annie," says Bob, rolling the whites of his eyes in adoring admiration toward that young lady.

"No you ain't, nuther," says Aunt Lucy, ruthlessly nipping Bob's youthful affections. "Miss Annie company, you 'member that, nigger. You goes as straight as dem ant-killers o' your 'n kin carry you to de strange gentlemin from de city, Mr. Burkin, as is his name. We don't vittle city folks here every day, nigger."

"Yas 'um," says Bob with cheerful irrelevance, in no ways cast down by Aunt Lucy's animadversions on his huge flat feet.

"An' you, Dan! Wot I dun tol' you t' do fus'?"

"Marm!" Dan gasps helplessly, guiltily conscious that in contemplation of the bright flowers of the wallpaper he has entirely forgotten his chief end of man, and he looks sourly across the table at Bob, who has just executed an audible chuckle over Dan's discomfiture and his own superiority. Two back-handed "cuffs," impartially administered by Aunt Lucy, sober Bob's undue elation, and clear the cobwebs from Dan's memory.

"Yas 'm, granny, yas 'm, I 'member now; guv 'em all roun' some water."

"What out en?"

"Dar 's de big gourd a hangin' on de back gallery an' de cedar bucket," Dan suggests dubiously.

At which Annie burst in untimely mirth, which Aunt Lucy took sorely amiss.

"You needn' 'be laffin' sass inter 'em, Miss Annie, fasser den I kin knock sense out er 'em. Gawd knows its hard 'nough work to git anything under der wool. Now that Dan 's jes' big 'nough fool to fotch in dat gourd and water you all roun' like so many head uv cattle."

"What did you want with both of them?" Annie asked innocently, naturally imagining that drilling one fool must of necessity be an easier task than drilling two fools.

Aunt Lucy's answer came pat out of what might (if it had ever reached the dignity of print) be called the *Southern Domestic Manual*: "What does I want wid two of 'em? I 'm a thinkin' I ought to a fatched a fo' of 'em. I did 'low that two half niggers would a made one whole one, but—"

"As these are nothing but Quarter boys you think it would take four of them," said Jo Hinton's familiar voice immediately behind Annie's back, and she turned to meet her brother-in-law's handsome, smiling face.

"Burke 's in the parlor, Nan; I brought him out from the river in my buggy. For some unaccountable reason he has expressed a desire to see you even before he folds that young cub of his in his paternal arms."

Annie turned from him and walked with a swift, glad step to greet the man who had, even before she was well aware of it herself, found such a secure abiding place in her heart.

He was standing with his back to the door when she entered, apparently absorbed in profound admiration of the glittering outer world.

"Is it not beautiful?" she asked softly, standing beside him and laying her hand lightly on his arm.

He turned, and tightly clasping both her hands he looked earnestly down into her sweet, upturned face, saying:

"I was not thinking of that pretty outside scene, Annie. I was thinking of you, dear, and of what I have come here on purpose to say. Once in my life, when I was a younger and a brighter man, Annie, I placed my happiness, my peace of mind, my self-respect—all that a man of honor holds dear—in a woman's keeping, and a bitter wreck she made of it all. You know that old story. I have tried to bury the bitterness of that past in her grave. Once again I seek to place my happiness, my peace of mind, my self-respect—all that a man of honor holds dear—in a woman's keeping. How shall it be, dear?"

"With God's help you shall never regret it. You know that I love you and you only," she answered simply and bravely.

Lemuel Burke has never regretted it.

[THE END.]

MOSCOW.

(Translated from the original Russian of Glinka.)

(Feodor Nikolaiévitch Glinka was born in 1788 and died in 1880, so that his conscious life covered the century. Like a true Slavophile he looked upon "Mátushka Moskva" as the jewel-city of Russia, and this sentiment is very apparent in the following poem. He remembered Napoleon's invasion of Russia and the burning of Moscow. The Tsar-bell, or *Tsar-kolokol*, is the famous cracked bell, the largest in the world (130,634 kilos.); the *Tsar-pushka*, or Tsar of guns, is the monstrous cannon which guards the Kremlin, or Kremlin.)

"Gorod chudnui, gorod drevnui."

WONDROUS city, ancient city,
Thou enfoldest in thy walls
Villages and smiling suburbs,
Churches, palaces and halls.

Thou art girt by grassy meadows,
Gay with gardens, rich in flowers;
Seven the hills are which thou crownest
With thy temples, with thy towers.

Thou unfoldest like a parchment
Written by a giant hand,
And beside thy little river
Thou art glorious, now, and grand.

Many are thine ancient churches
Towering like the northern pine;
Where can eye see streets so noble,
Mother Moscow, as are thine?

Capture Moscow's mighty Kreml?

Who on earth could boast the power?

Who could rob the golden bonnet
From the slender Ivan tower?

Who could ever swing the Tsar-bell,
Or the Tsar-gun overthrow?

Reverence at the Sacred Gateway
Who could ever fail to show?

In thine awful hour of peril,
When thy haughty neck was bent,
All thy children, men of Russia,
Felt with thee the punishment.

White-walled city, thou wast chastened
Like a martyr in the fire;
And thy river, boiling, hastened
Onward to escape the pyre.

Once a captive and dishonored,
In thine embers thou didst lie!
Now arisen from thy ashes
Changeless, lift thy head on high!

Flourish through the countless ages,
Moscow! many-towered town.
Thou art central heart of Russia,
Russia's glory, Russia's crown!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE SISTER OF EDGAR A. POE.

To the readers of the numerous biographies of Edgar A. Poe it must have occurred as singular that they contain so slight mention of his only sister, Rosalie. The fact is briefly stated that he had a sister of this name, who was adopted by Mrs. Mackenzie at the time when he himself found a home with Mr. Allan; but thenceforth Rosalie Poe wholly disappears from the horizon of her brother's life. In no one of his letters is she alluded to, and the only mention of her is in a letter of N. P. Willis to Poe, wherein he says: "I had a letter from your sister not long since, inquiring your whereabouts. . . . You seem as neglectful of your sister as I am of mine," alluding to the well-known estrangement between himself and Mrs. Barton.

Still, in reading the life of Poe, as of most men of genius, the inquiry is suggested to the reflective mind: "Of what stamp and character were his nearest relatives? Were they marked by any trait or peculiarity of the poet? or did he stand alone among his kindred, isolated in character as in genius? What were his relations with them? What sympathy or affection existed between them?" An investigation into points such as these will often cast upon the character and history of a man of genius a clearer light than is attainable by all the researches of philosophers and physiologists. Wherefore, I consider that in presenting this slight sketch of the sister of Edgar A. Poe I am affording a key to much that has been regarded as strange and inexplicable in the poet's own character.

The earliest existing mention of Edgar A. Poe and his sister I have from my own mother,* in whose words I will here give it:

"In 1811, when I was ten years old, there came a fine company of players to Norfolk, and, as a special treat, we children were taken to see them act 'Macbeth.' I remember Mr. and Mrs. Placide, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Green and Mr. Poe and his wife. These were all very handsome couples. Mr. Poe was tall and fine-looking and younger than his wife, who had been a widow Hopkins, formerly Elizabeth Arnold. She was remarkably pretty, fair and delicate-looking, with a round, laughing face, beautiful large eyes and regular features. She was called vain and coquettish, and was not considered a clever actress, though much admired for her grace and beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Poe occupied a garret room in a house adjoining that of my Aunt Butt,† on Bermuda Street. There was only a wooden partition between the two garrets, and through a hole in this we children used to peep at and talk to Mrs. Poe's children and their nurse. The latter was an old Welsh woman, whose odd dress and speech greatly amused us. The children were very pretty, lively and playful. The little boy was about four years old, and his sister two years younger. In the evenings the nurse would take them out and sit on a bench at the front door while they played on the pavement. The boy was her favorite. I remember how once a horse nearly ran over him, when she threw down the little girl whom she had in her arms, and rushed to save him, screaming, 'Ho! Hedgar! Hedgar!'"

"This company of players were very handsomely entertained by Colonel Hamilton, the then British Consul

at Norfolk, who lived opposite my father, on Main Street. From there they went to Richmond, and it was shortly after that we heard of the burning of the Richmond Theatre."

A few weeks subsequent to this glimpse of the Poe family in Norfolk, we have another view of them in Richmond; and this time from the lips of Mrs. Mackenzie, who adopted Rosalie. The company above mentioned, under the management of Mr. Placide, were acting at the Richmond Theatre; all save Mr. and Mrs. Poe, who were prevented by illness. Thus, on the night of the burning of the theatre they were fortunately absent; and when, after that disastrous occurrence, the company left Richmond—Mr. Poe and his family were unable to accompany them. Soon there was a report that the actors, Mr. and Mrs. Poe, were ill and in great destitution, and Mrs. Jean Mackenzie, a benevolent Scotch lady, went to see them. She found them occupying a wretched, damp basement room, where Mrs. Poe lay ill with pneumonia, and her husband with rapid consumption. Two little children, thin, pale and half clad, were in the room, and an old Welsh woman was, with the most assiduous attention, devoting herself to the four. Struck with compassion, Mrs. Mackenzie had the children removed to her own home, and she and her equally kind-hearted husband exerted themselves to provide for the comfort of the family. In this they were assisted by Mr. John Allan and his wife, whose handsome residence stood opposite their own. Both Mr. Allan and Mr. Mackenzie were Scotch gentlemen and intimate friends.

The children, under the influence of kind care, improved rapidly, and attracted much attention and interest. They were remarkably pretty, and equally bright and lively. Mrs. Allan became especially interested in the boy, while the girl was the chosen playmate of Mrs. Mackenzie's little daughter, Mary, of the same age. On the death of the parents their relatives manifested so little interest in the children that Mrs. Mackenzie proposed to adopt Rosalie if Mrs. Allan would do the same by Edgar. Mr. Allan at first opposed the plan, but finally yielded to the wishes of his wife, and soon became much attached to the boy. This couple was rich and childless, while the Mackenzies had a large family, and were at this time in only moderate circumstances. The little orphans were legally adopted and baptized by the names of Edgar Allan and Rosalie Mackenzie.

Of the subsequent destinies of the children thus strangely cast upon the benevolence of strangers, that of Edgar is already known to the world. Surrounded by luxury, flattered and indulged, his position was far less fortunate than that of his sister, who was exposed to no such unfavorable influences. Both children were self-willed and obstinate, and, as was evident, had never been taught obedience; but while Mr. Allan conscientiously sought to subdue Edgar by occasional severity, alternating with most injudicious indulgence, Rosalie was subject to the discipline of a true, motherly kindness, directed by rare good sense and Christian principle. The writer of this sketch knew Mrs. Mackenzie well, and delights in recalling the image of one whose loveliness of disposition and dignity of character made her loved and revered by all who knew her, and whose very presence seemed ever to carry with it sunshine and happiness.

* This venerable lady, Mrs. E. F. Talley, is still living in Richmond, at the advanced age of eighty-two.

† Grandmother of the widow of Admiral Farragut.

Rosalie was also fortunate in other respects. Her guardian's sister, Miss Mackenzie, was a lady of elegant manners and accomplishments, whose educational establishment for young ladies was one of the most celebrated of its time. From its exclusive circle had gone forth many a young girl to grace, as a brilliant belle or accomplished matron, the elegant society for which Virginia was then famed. Rosalie, brought up under the special care of this lady, had all the opportunities of a first-class education, and, as she grew up, of the high social position occupied by the family of her guardian.

How did the sister of Edgar A. Poe develop under these favoring influences? The answer involves a curious condition of things calculated to strangely perplex the observer.

The children when first adopted were, in person as well as in general traits and disposition, so remarkably alike as to be generally mistaken for twins. Points of this strong resemblance remained conspicuous through life; and yet, as they grew toward youth, the two presented a contrast so extraordinary that in all biography a greater cannot be found to exist.

Edgar developed into a brilliant youth, as much noted for physical beauty, strength and activity, as for intellect and genius. Rosalie, as though some mysterious blight had fallen upon her, gradually drooped and faded into a languid, dull and uninteresting girlhood—apathetic in disposition and weak in body and mind. With features exactly those of her brother, and even possessed of his very peculiar phrenological developments, no two persons could yet have presented a more marked contrast. Her figure, naturally delicate and well-formed, drooped as lacking strength for its own support, her hands generally hanging listlessly at her side. Her eyes, dark gray, like those wonderful spiritual ones of her brother, were weak, dull and expressive only of utter vacuity. She was accustomed to sit for long intervals gazing upon vacancy, and when aroused, would answer to an inquiry: "I wasn't thinking at all; I was asleep with my eyes open." She had an invincible dislike of any mental or physical exertion; and Miss Mackenzie was accustomed to state, as a remarkable fact, that after, as a child, progressing rapidly in her studies to a certain point, she at the age of eight or ten ceased absolutely to make further progress, and at that point remained during her life. Beyond this the most assiduous care of the best instructors could not advance her, and she thenceforth always wrote, spelled and expressed herself like a child, while her musical performance was like that of a beginner. Previous to this time, said Miss Mackenzie, she had been a bright and lively child, and particularly fond of music and dancing; but when this new phase came upon her she went reluctantly to the piano, and could with difficulty be prevailed upon to join in a dance, observing that it was "too fatiguing." She looked indeed as she often said that she felt, "but half alive," and yet was rarely if ever sick. Her infirmity appeared to be not disease but a simple fading or wasting away of the vitality of mind and body. It resembled the sudden blight of a frosted flower—it might live on, but could never recover its freshness and vigor.

There was one peculiarity of Miss Poe which cannot be passed over in silence, and indeed demands special mention as being one of the curious points of resemblance between herself and her brother. This was, without any attempt to soften it, a constant morbid craving for stimulants, coupled with a most unfortunate susceptibility to their influence. She was accustomed to frankly avow her craving for wine, accompanied by the assertion that "she did not dare to touch it, because of her

poor, weak head." A mere taste of wine had the effect of dazing and confusing her, and an ordinary dinner-glass, which others could take with impunity, would throw her into a sort of stupor and heavy sleep of hours' duration, from which she would arouse in a state of extreme nervous irritability, succeeded by deep depression and melancholy. This is precisely what Poe stated was the effect upon himself of the least indulgence in alcoholic drinks, and his intimate friends have corroborated his statement. One of these has told me that "a single glass of wine had more effect upon Poe than a whole bottle upon an ordinary man." Mr. Poe always declared that he drank less upon occasion than his companions, but that it was his misfortune to be more susceptible to its influence; and this we can easily credit after seeing the same trait so strongly marked in his sister. How imperative, therefore, it is that allowance should be made for the infirmity which his enemies have seized upon as forming the darkest blot upon his character!

In regard to this peculiarity of Poe and his sister, Mrs. Mackenzie, who so well knew both, had a singular theory of her own. On occasion of her first visit to the Poes, she had observed that the children were thin and pale and very fretful. To quiet them, their old nurse—whom Mrs. Poe in her last days addressed as "Mother," while she called Mrs. Poe "Betty"—took them upon her lap and fed them liberally with bread soaked in gin, when they soon fell asleep. Subsequently, after the death of the parents, the old woman (who remained in Richmond until her death, not long after, devoting herself to the children) acknowledged to Mrs. Mackenzie that she had, from the very birth of the girl, freely administered to them gin and other spirituous liquors, with sometimes laudanum, "to make them strong and healthy," or to put them to sleep when restless. Mrs. Mackenzie was convinced that this woman, who was a simple, honest creature, was, in reality, the maternal grandmother of the children, and conscientiously acted for their good. She never doubted but that this gin diet had stunted their growth physically, had produced the abnormal craving for stimulants, and also, in the case of Rosalie, utterly paralyzed both mental and physical faculties.

"My conviction is," she was accustomed to assert seriously, "that Rosalie was naturally gifted with genius and intellect not inferior perhaps to that of Edgar, but that these were blighted by the injudicious treatment of the nurse." She referred to this cause many of Edgar's and Rosalie's weaknesses, as their nervous irritability; but on Rosalie, as having been from her very birth subject to the poisonous influence of *gin and opium*, the effect had been most pernicious.

It may appear to some a confirmation of this rather startling theory when it is mentioned that Rosalie Poe, with all her weakness, yet possessed certain traits which in Edgar were considered as evidences of poetic temperament. She had his instinctive love for, if not his appreciation of, beauty in all its visible forms, and an aversion to whatever was coarse, harsh or disagreeable. Both were affected to melancholy by music, whether gay or sad. She took great pleasure in the rhyme and *jingle* of verse—a taste which her brother has so strongly evinced in his liberal use of repetition and *the refrain*—and for this reason "The Raven" and "The Bells" were her favorite poems. Once she said, "I often feel as if I could write poetry. I have it all in my head, but somehow can't get it clear enough to write down." A sad, *clipped-wings* sort of feeling it must have been, if Mrs. Mackenzie's theory were correct. A passionate

love of flowers was peculiar to both herself and her brother. I rarely saw the latter without some delicate bud or leaf in his buttonhole, and a bouquet was his sister's constant accompaniment, and the offering which she was accustomed to bestow upon those whom she called her "favorites." These favored individuals were always young and pretty; for, like Queen Elizabeth, neither she nor her brother had any "liking for an uncomely visage." She, even beyond middle age, preferred the society of young persons, whose lively sallies amused her, and were not above her capacities of appreciation. Mrs. Mackenzie was at this time residing in the city suburbs, near my mother's residence; and in both families were a gay group of young persons, to whom Miss Poe attached herself, and who, though constantly amused by her oddities of dress and manner, regarded her with good-natured indulgence as a privileged character. I remember that upon one occasion she insisted upon accompanying us to a fashionable party, for which she arrayed herself in a style which elicited from our light-hearted group an irrepressible burst of merriment. It was her habit to appropriate any article of dress or adornment, whether her own or another's, that happened to strike her fancy, or to be most conveniently at hand, and the effect was frequently absurd in the extreme, and presented a singular contrast to her brother's fastidious taste in dress. She would submit to our criticisms with easy indifference, but rarely took advice, save from Mrs. Mackenzie, to whom she accorded the obedience of a child.

For her brother Miss Poe had the most unbounded admiration. Her pride in him was really touching, accompanied, as it was, by an humble consciousness of her own inferiority. Nothing afforded her more pleasure than to hear him eulogized, or to be introduced to or noticed by strangers as "the poet's sister." He, on his part, took little or no interest in her, and never, that I am aware, replied to one of her frequent letters, except in a postscript to some member of the Mackenzie family, with whom he was on almost as intimate terms as his sister. She was not calculated to please his fastidious taste, and perhaps she was right when she said, despondingly, "I believe Edgar is ashamed of me." Sometimes she betrayed a bitter consciousness of her inferiority. "I don't see why Edgar should have all the good gifts and I all the bad." Often she was pathetic. "I know that people can't like me as they do Edgar. I am of no use to anybody. I wish it were different, but I can't help it; I did not make myself." And in these moods she would generally conclude with: "Ma loves me. She never gave me a hard word in her life." And in this protective love of her adopted mother she seemed ever to find her chief comfort and reliance.

It was singular that Mrs. Clemm, whose devotion to Edgar was so entire, should have regarded Rosalie with a coldness amounting to aversion. She, who never found fault with Edgar, was always harsh with Rosalie, who said of her: "I don't remember that Aunt Clemm ever spoke a kind word to me." This recalls to mind an incident related by Miss Poe herself. She went on a visit to her brother and his wife at Fordham, and was there told by Mrs. Clemm that they "could not afford to keep her over a week." Edgar was at this time in New York, whence he some days after wrote urgently to his mother-in-law for money for some special purpose. Finding herself unable to raise the necessary amount, Mrs. Clemm appropriated the most valuable portion of her niece's wardrobe, the sale of which enabled her to release her son-in-law from his difficulties. But Rosalie never forgot the deed. She immediately

returned home with the story of her wrongs, and thenceforth "Aunt Clemm" became the object of her bitter resentment. Still it is to be noted to her credit that when, after the deaths of her daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. Clemm was reduced to soliciting charitable contributions for her support, Miss Poe generously sent to her, without being applied to, the whole of her store of pocket-money or "savings." She was rarely, however, intrusted with money to any extent, being accustomed to spend it with the indiscretion of a child, in purchasing candy or some useless and ill-judged present for her friends.

When, in 1859, Mr. Poe paid his last visit to Richmond, Mrs. Mackenzie remarked that he and Rosalie seemed on more familiar terms, and "more like brother and sister" than since their childhood. He treated her indulgently, and accompanied her about the neighborhood to be introduced to her "favorites," only now and then remarking in his quiet, half-playful, half-sarcastic manner: "Rose, why can't you dress like a civilized being?" or "behave like other people?" She took unwonted pains to please him; and when, after his departure for New York, the news of his sudden death arrived, was for a time completely overcome, manifesting deeper feeling than she had been given credit for possessing. Thenceforth she always spoke of him as "my dear brother."

In looking back upon this time, I recall the Mackenzie family as a happy and gay little circle, dwelling in luxury, and observing the most unbounded "Old Virginia hospitality." But then came the war, and all was changed. At the conclusion of that terrible four years' struggle I returned to my once beautiful home, only to find it a wreck. It was no longer "Talavera," but "Battery Ten," where a lonely half-ruined house arose in the midst of encircling fortifications studded with guns. Out-buildings, orchard, vineyard, all were swept away, and no token of the past remained save here and there the faint outlines of garden-walks and a hardy shrub or flower springing amid scattered shot and rusty bayonets. The neighbors, including the Mackenzies, had all dispersed, none knew whither. In this desolate abode I remained for some months, with one or two faithful old negroes as protectors. Each evening we would barricade the entrance to the fort as a sort of protection against the hordes of homeless freed negroes who roamed the country, subsisting upon whatever they could appropriate. One evening, when we had taken this precaution, some one was heard calling without, and mounting the ramparts I beheld a forlorn figure in black standing on the edge of the trenches. It proved to be Rosalie Poe. She was looking haggard and ill. The Mackenzies, she told me, were some of them dead and the rest living in extreme poverty somewhere in the country. "They cannot give me a home now," she said. "They have to work for their living, but I am not strong enough to work, and I don't know what is to become of me. If Ma were living, she would give me a home so long as she had a roof over her head." She shortly went to her relatives in Baltimore; but soon returned, saying that they refused to receive her, and had sent her back to the Mackenzies, which family now consisted of but one son, in wretched health, and a widowed daughter with her little children. Their sole means of subsistence was at this time a cow and the products of a garden which some person had kindly given them, and this latter they cultivated with their own hands. Miss Poe, as she declared, was not strong enough for such work, and the family, with insufficient of the necessities of life, were not able to support her.

About this time I went to New York, where I soon after received a letter from Miss Poe inclosing some photographs of her brother and an autograph letter of his, which she desired me to dispose of at whatever price I could obtain. I intrusted them first to Colonel Du Solle, editor of the *Sunday Times and Messenger*, and afterward to Mrs. S. H. Kidder, of Boston, both of whom kindly exerted themselves in behalf of the destitute sister of the poet. But no one cared to purchase either the letter or the pictures. And, meantime, every few days brought me an anxious note of inquiry from Miss Poe.

"Dear S.," she writes, in her characteristic style, "have you got no tidings for me about my brother's letters and pictures? Do, S., do something for me, for I am worse off now than ever. I have no home at all, and at night I have to try for a place to sleep. I really don't know what will become of me."

She writes again, on the blank leaf of a book: "None of my relations will receive me except one cousin by marriage, a widow. She is kind to me, but her house is full of boarders."

Again: "Do, dear S., try to sell the letter and pictures. . . . The place I was staying at last when I wrote to you I have left, for my cousin could not give me a bed to sleep in any longer. I walk about all day till I am most dead, and don't know where I can get a place at night. I feel like a lost sheep with no shoes nor gloves."

This last is simply a specimen of Miss Poe's peculiar manner of expressing herself, whether in speech or writing, with no attention to pause or punctuation—a peculiarity which was a source of constant amusement to others. More glaring errors of expression she was constantly guilty of; and I well remember the air of dignified unconsciousness with which Poe once, in company, received her pathetic appeal to "subscribe for her lame foot." That she should, with her social and educational advantages, have been capable of such barbarisms, is sufficient proof of her extreme mental incapacity.

Miss Poe afterward paid us a visit of some weeks in Richmond. She was utterly broken in health and

spirits, but still with no special complaint. "Too little blood and muscle, and too much nerves," said an old physician who kindly attended her. Her chief pleasure seemed to be in talking about what she called "old times," and in childishly recalling the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. She had never had an ordinary appetite or eaten more than would have sufficed an infant; but now she said: "Many a time I have longed for the crusts that we used to throw to the dogs." Her desire was limited to "good bread and strong coffee," of which latter she drank inordinate quantities. Professor Valentine, brother of the Virginia sculptor, delivered a lecture in Baltimore upon the genius of Poe, and sent to her the proceeds, about fifty dollars. With this money she returned to Baltimore, where she intrusted it to a relative "to take care of for her." Subsequently, wishing to make him a present, she applied for the money, and was informed that he had appropriated it to the payment of her board while she remained in his family. Such is the story which we heard from others beside Miss Poe, who, in her indignation, consulted a lawyer in regard to the possibility of recovering her money.

Through life the course of Rosalie Poe's destiny had been much that of her brother, and its ending was destined to bear out the similitude. Her health became so utterly broken, and her condition in Baltimore so pitiable, that some persons at length exerted themselves to secure for her a home in a charitable institute—whether in that city or Washington I have not been able to ascertain. Here she died, and in such obscurity that it was some months ere her few friends were informed of it.

Mrs. Clemm, it will be remembered, met with the same fate—a refuge and a death in a charitable institute. So passed away the sister of the poet, and the woman whom he had called his "more than mother." So, also, died his parents—dependent upon charity for the last necessities of life, and a final resting-place, though even the spot of their burial is now not remembered. Truly, a strange fatality appears to have attended upon this family.

SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

MR. JEPSTONE'S HOUSE AND THE SOLAR SYSTEM.*

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

"It is very important," said young Mrs. Jepstone; "it is the most important thing of all. We must have plenty of sunshine in every room. I'm not at all particular about the style or color of the house. Give me pleasant, sunny rooms and I shall be satisfied."

The young Jepstones had prospered recently, and had decided to give up boarding, build a house, and go to housekeeping.

"A boarder," said Mrs. Jepstone, "is practically a homeless being. In our own house we shall begin to live, and get thoroughly acquainted with each other."

This and much more was said during the busy weeks while they were looking over plans and considering estimates. At first, Mrs. Jepstone laid out a marvelous structure, with plenty of closets, a piazza on three sides, smoking-room, billiard-room, two bath-rooms,

and, in fact, an admirable house—on paper. There were to be six rooms on the first floor and eight on the second and four in the attic. Mr. Jepstone suggested that the plot of ground he had bought of the receiver of the railroad at Naumskeg was really quite small, and she reluctantly took off two of the piazzas. Then they began to cut the plan down to suit the area of their available funds, and, at last, they got at the bottom facts. The house must be very small. A sitting or common-room, a dining-room and kitchen on the first floor, four chambers above, and that was all.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Jepstone, "any little box will answer, provided every room is light and pleasant. It will be my home, and I shall be perfectly satisfied to sit all day at the sunny windows. There is really nothing so important as sunshine. Every window must be sunny."

"You can hardly expect *every* room to be sunny."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Jepstone, with charming feminine perversity. "Does not Cousin Clara have the sun in every one of her rooms?"

"Clara lives in a flat, top floor, corner house, south side, with all the rooms in a row east and west."

"Can't we build our house in that way?"

"How would it look? Just think of a house one hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide!"

"At any rate, hospitals have sunny rooms, and the last report of the Board of Education recommended that every school-room should have a sunny aspect. I do hope our house will have the sunshine in every room. It is a sanitary necessity."

"All right, my love. I'll see the architect to-day, and tell him it must be done. You shall have the sun in every room—wherever you wish."

"Oh, I knew it could be done! I shall now be perfectly contented with everything. Will they begin to dig the cellar soon?"

"It is all finished and walled up. I found a place where some one had begun to build and then for some reason gave it up. I bought the abandoned cellar and masonry. You remember the place where they began to grade for the railroad just where it was to cross the county road?"

"Yes; that's such a pretty spot. I believe they intended to put the station there."

"Exactly; and I bought the very place where the round-house was to stand."

Mr. Jepstone went down town that morning, leaving his wife at the boarding-place. When he reached the street he looked up at the sun, and said, with a mysterious smile:

"There are only two ways in which it can be done. I must either adjust the solar system to my house or my house to the solar system. The former plan would probably prove difficult, if not impracticable."

The spot selected for the new house lay about four miles from town, in the lovely suburbs of Naumskeg. When Mrs. Jepstone first went out to inspect the site, she was charmed with everything. When she saw the cellar all complete, neatly walled up and boarded over, she naturally asked why it had such a singular shape. The cellar was in the form of a vast circle.

"It is rather curious," said Mr. Jepstone, "but I saved over two hundred dollars by buying this abandoned work. The cellar will be a trifle large for the house, yet it has one great advantage—the sun will shine on every side."

After that Mrs. Jepstone did not see the place till the frame of the house had been boarded in and the roof shingled. It was a cloudy day, and the country did not appear at its best; however, the house was charming, really artistic, and so small and snug it would be a pleasure to take care of it. She wandered through the unfinished rooms admiring everything.

"You feel quite sure all the rooms will be sunny? I'm sorry it is such a dull day, for then I could see for myself."

Her husband replied that he felt quite sure she would have the sun in every room.

"It does not seem very different from Mrs. Umbago's cottage, and I'm sure they never have the sun in their parlor after nine o'clock."

"It's all right, my dear. Every room will be sunny—even the kitchen."

"Oh! the kitchen is not so important. I dare say Katy would not mind if the sun never shone there."

It so happened that she did not again visit the house

till it was finished and the women went out to clean the windows and put down the carpets. She went out with her husband in the two o'clock train, and when they left the station at Parson's Dock and walked over to Naumskeg they soon came in sight of the house.

"Why, Edward! how the house has changed! I had an impression it faced south."

"It's a little west of south."

"Well, never mind; the parlor will be sunny, and that's a comfort."

The carpet-women were at work in the parlor when they arrived, and Mrs. Jepstone at once said:

"My dear, the curtains should be put up at once: the sun will fade the carpets."

"I'll look after that at once. Come and see the dining-room."

The delights of this room kept her busy till they were ready to return to town. As they came out on the little porch the last rays of the setting sun shone full in their faces.

"How very pleasant!" said Mrs. Jepstone. "This western aspect is lovely. I always did admire a house that pointed toward the sunset."

On the following Saturday they moved out. It would have been a very happy day and they would have asked many friends to the house-warming, only it rained hard. Mrs. Jepstone suggested that they wait till Monday or pleasant weather, but their landlady politely suggested that if they stayed over Sunday she should expect a full week's board in advance. So it happened they went to their new home in a cheerful little rain-storm, and were happy.

In the night the storm cleared away. Mrs. Jepstone awoke in her new home with the bright sunshine streaming in at the window.

"How charming!" she exclaimed. "I always did love to see the sun rise."

"You can see it now as often as you wish," said her husband—"that is, if you wake up."

The breakfast-room was a new delight. It had two windows, one east one south. The sun would shine there all day. Unfortunately it clouded over again at noon and, before night, rained again. The next day was dull, and Mrs. Jepstone was too busy putting her house in order to pay much attention to the weather. At night her husband returned from town with a letter from Cousin Mary Ames.

Mrs. Jepstone read it with dismay.

"Cousin Mary Ames is coming to make us a visit. She will be here to-morrow. Of course, we shall be delighted to see her; but I do think she might have waited till we were fairly settled."

The next day came Mary Ames and fair weather. She arrived at ten o'clock, and the two ladies at once sat down in the bright and sunny dining-room to discuss the affairs of the universe.

"Yes, it is a very pretty house, and every room is just as bright and cheerful as this."

"Every room?"

"Yes, every room; even the little room I showed to you as the guest-chamber has the sun."

"It has a west window, I suppose?"

"No, both windows face north. Now, my love, tell me more. I didn't half understand your letter."

"It's simple enough. You remember that odious Mr. Timmins? He proposed to me and I declined with thanks."

"Declined, my love, with all that money?"

"Distinctly declined; and he proposed again, and I declined with some—well, with some emphasis. Last

Saturday he proposed again, so I decided to come to you and stay until he got over it. No one knows I'm here except mother. You will protect me, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, certainly. He will never find you here."

"Just then the servant came in and said there was a man in the kitchen asking for something to eat."

"Mercy, Katy! Have the tramps found us out already? Give him something to eat and tell him to go away. You must never admit beggars to the house. They only want to see if it is worth while to come again."

A moment after, the man crossed the yard—a suspicious character with a furtive glance and ill-flavored face. As he went out the front gate he studied the house slyly, as if to find its weak points.

"Shall you have a garden?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jepstone. "We have a little ground round the house. Will you come out and see it?"

The two ladies walked up and down the strip of grass on either side of the house, Cousin Mary Ames greatly admiring the tiny lawn.

"What is that long grassy bank beyond your fence?"

"Oh! that's the abandoned railroad. They finished the grading and started to build a round-house. Then the money gave out and the work stopped. We bought the very spot where the round-house was to stand."

"And you put your house directly over the pit where the turn-table was to be? Happy thought! Saved the trouble of digging a cellar."

"Yes, I believe so," said Mrs. Jepstone, doubtfully.

"How did you know that?"

"I've a friend an engineer. He has been giving me lessons in that sort of thing."

"My love, why did you not tell me of this before? Is he handsome?"

Long and earnestly did they talk on this new and interesting theme, as they loitered on the lawn. Finally they wandered quite round the house and came to the rear of the place.

"Why, how strange! I thought your house was pearl-gray, with straw-colored blinds. This side is olive-green, with maroon trimmings and brown blinds."

Mrs. Jepstone gazed upon the back of her house in surprise and dismay. What could the painters have been about? This side of the house was wholly different from the front. If she had not known it was her home she would have been obliged to be presented and properly introduced to it.

"It is the most mortifying thing I ever knew. I don't believe Edward knows anything about it. Come; it's clouding over again. Let us go into the house."

About five o'clock Cousin Mary Ames said she would take a walk and go to the village post-office. There might be a letter for her.

She returned in about an hour in a high state of excitement.

"Oh! what shall I do? He has followed me here."

"Who, the engineer?"

"No; Mr. Timmins. I found a letter from mother, saying he left town within an hour after I did. You see mother's seamstress sometimes works for his mother. He wanted to know where I lived. Of course, I couldn't be rude, so I told him I was staying at the little pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds."

That night Mr. Jepstone came out with a number of books, and said he should stay at home the next day to read up on a certain matter. Of course, he heard all about the tramp, the engineer and Mr. Timmins.

"I'll fix Timmins," said he. "He will never find the pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds."

The next day was warm and sunny. Immediately after breakfast Cousin Mary Ames again set out for the post-office. She had not been gone five minutes before she returned breathless with emotion.

"Oh, he's coming to call on me! I saw him on the street. I'm going to my room. Tell him I'm very busy to-day—too ill to do a thing—tell him anything, only keep him away."

"Who? Not the engineer?"

"No; Timmins."

With that she went up to her own room at the rear of the house. Mr. Jepstone heard all that she said, and he immediately went to the kitchen. As she went up the stairs the house seemed to whirl round and her head swam.

"Mercy!" she cried, as she entered the room and sat down by the window. "Am I going to be dizzy? Why, how strange! I did not observe before what a good view of the road this window gives. Oh, there he comes! looking at every house along the way. I'll hide behind the curtain."

She watched him from the shelter of the lace curtain with interest. He seemed puzzled, and looked at the house doubtfully. Then he paused and took out a bit of paper on which he had evidently written a memorandum of the pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds. He looked at the house steadily for a moment, and seemed to think there was some mistake, and then he walked on out of sight.

"Stupid man! He must see that this is the house. I'm thankful he's gone. I never could marry such a simpleton!"

She returned to the dining-room and found Mrs. Jepstone busy over her sewing.

"He went right past and never recognized the place at all. I saw him from my window."

"How could you, dear? Your room is at the back of the house."

"At any rate, he did not come in. I was a trifle dizzy as I went up-stairs, yet I'm quite sure I saw him."

"It's very late," replied Mrs. Jepstone. "The sun has gone from this window. I must see Katy about lunch."

"Lunch! Why, it's not ten o'clock!"

"Then the sun must have gone behind a cloud."

"Not at all, dear. It's a lovely day."

Absorbed in her work, Mrs. Jepstone made no reply except to say absently:

"Shall I use box or knife plaiting?"

"Box, of course."

"Nothing more of importance happened till the family met at lunch. Just as the meal was over Mr. Jepstone said to his wife:

"Will you have the sun in the parlor or the dining-room?"

She made no reply, but rising quickly she dipped her napkin in the water and began to nervously bathe his head.

"Oh! you poor, poor dear! You have been working too hard again. Your mind is giving way under the terrible strain of business."

"I'm only trying to please you, my dear. You said you liked a sunny room, and I have arranged, everything to have the sun shine there this afternoon."

"Don't speak of it. I prefer the shade. Have some tea, dear. You'll feel better presently. Mary, run up to my room for a shawl. Perhaps Edward will lie down on the sofa?"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jepstone. "I'm going out for a walk."

At dinner-time Mrs. Jepstone remarked that it was very pleasant to be able to see the glowing sunset out the east window.

They retired early, though it was a lovely night with a fine full moon. Mary Ames lay for a long time sleepless and restless, and wondering why some one had not called. He must be able to find the pearl-colored house with straw-colored blinds. He, surely, was not so stupid as the odious Timmins.

"Hark! what was that? Burglars?"

Being naturally a brave girl, and knowing that it was just possible a certain young gentleman in the engineering profession might be near, she rose and hastily threw on a blue wrap with pink ribbons, and softly drew the curtain one side and looked out. The moon was shining brightly, and by its light she saw two men standing near the back door.

Then there was an ominous snapping of wood. Oh, it was the tramp! He had returned with a friend. They were burglars, trying to effect an entrance. She flew on noiseless steps—or, more correctly speaking, in silken hose—to the door of Mr. Jepstone's room.

"Wake up, cousin! There are burglars at the kitchen door!"

"All right," cried a voice from within. "Don't be alarmed. Go back to your room; I'll attend to them."

She ran shivering back to her room, and lay down in her wrap and tried to sleep.

The tramp had used his eyes well. The new house seemed to be worth entering. So he took to himself a companion spirit, and arrived at the house at eleven o'clock—an early hour for their profession, but the fact was they had an engagement at one with some friends at the savings-bank.

The rear door of the house had easily yielded to their persuasions, when, without a moment's warning, it seemed to be moving away. The modest moon disappeared behind the roof. In fact, she appeared to avert her face from the sight of the criminals below. Then the shadow of the house began to move over the grass and to envelop them like a pall. The entire house seemed ready to fly away. It moved, it turned around—already the door had disappeared round the corner!

Paralyzed with terror, the men dropped their tools and fled in two directions in mingled fear, amazement and guilty remorse. They could enter an ordinary house cheerfully; but this one had peculiarities beyond their experiences.

Mr. Jepstone looked out the rear door of his house, and seeing the excellent tools left by the burglars on the grass, he quietly gathered them up, took them to his own innocent tool-chest, locked up the house, and slept the sleep of the just.

As for Mary Ames, she was quickly lost in slumber in her blue wrap with pink ribbons. The moon calmly resumed business, and soon reached the noon of night. About this hour there seemed to be a faint suggestion of music in the air. Mrs. Jepstone heard it, and awoke with a start.

"Edward! Edward! the burglars have returned! I hear them breaking the door!"

"Nonsense! It's a serenade. The fellow plays with great feeling. I did not know so much could be gotten out of a trombone."

"It's very nice in the neighbors to welcome us to the village in this way."

"It's not for us. It's for Cousin Mary Ames. It's a shame to disturb the poor girl. I'll drive the wretched Timmins away."

"Don't do anything rash."

"Do not be alarmed. I'll send him off as I did the burglars."

The young person outside, in spite of the fact that he was master of the trombone, had nerves of iron. He had been brought up from his youth on a severe railroad diet. He knew an embankment when he stood on it. He was a good observer, and he had remarked the circular coping of the cellar-wall of the house, and had smiled in a professional way as he began his serenade. Suddenly the music quivered slightly. It did not actually stop, but bore a burden of surprise upon its liquid notes. Just as before, the dark and silent house turned calmly round on its vertical axis, which seemed to be the chimney. Still the music went on, and one there was who felt glad. Then she wondered why the music seemed to be passing away, and she said to herself:

"He did manage that diminuendo beautifully. It sounded exactly as if I was being carried slowly away from him. Ah! now it is coming back. What a lovely crescendo!"

Then the music stopped and the serenader burst into a peal of laughter. Suddenly a tall figure in black and white stood before him.

"What do you mean, sir, by making such a din at this hour of the night? It's not very becoming in a man of your mature years."

The young man only laughed and, waving his trombone toward the house, said:

"How do you work the thing? It's a very happy thought and shows the true engineering spirit."

"Oh, I beg pardon! I thought it was the venerable Timmins come to disturb our cousin's peace."

Just then there appeared a vision of feminine loveliness in a ravishing costume of blue with pink ribbons, and a fichu tied over her head.

"It's Mr. Clawson, Mr. Jepstone. I've been engaged to him a week or more."

"Delighted to see you. Won't you come in and have a bit of supper? My wife will be delighted to see you."

"I'll come in on one condition. You must tell me how you work the machine. It's no wonder I could not find the straw-colored house with pearl-colored blinds. It was turned the other way this afternoon."

"I'll tell you all about it. Scientific idea, isn't it? Come in."

The trombone was laid tenderly on the sofa in the parlor, and the two gentlemen sat down while Cousin Mary Ames went to the pantry in search of such good things as she could find.

Suddenly the door opened, and a distracting object in a pink wrap with blue ribbons appeared before them.

"Oh, Edward! Edward! Husband! Help me! Call the doctor! My mind is reeling from its—Oh! Beg pardon, sir."

"Mr. Clawson, my dear. Mr. Clawson is engaged to Cousin Mary Ames."

"Delighted to see you, sir. Excuse my agitation. The fact is I was nearly frantic at the awful sight I just witnessed in the heavens. Are you quite sure, dear, that the solar system is safe? I was leaning out my window listening to the music and gazing at the moon when it—I mean the moon—and all the stars swam round the sky. The moon actually fled behind the house, and then I think I must have fainted. Ah, it was terrible!"

The only reply to this was a laugh from both the gentlemen. Just here the door opened and Cousin Mary

appeared bearing a tray, on which was a quart of oysters in a yellow bowl, a plate of seed cakes and a piece of cheese. She paused in surprise on seeing Mrs. Jepstone, and said with just a shade of vexation:

"What a coincidence! How could you put on that wrap? I told you we should look like two peas in a pod."

Under the soothing influence of the midnight lunch serenity was soon restored, and then Mr. Clawson asked for an explanation of the singular behavior of the house.

"It's very simple," said Mr. Jepstone. "My wife insisted that the sun must shine in every room of our new house. I felt sure it would be difficult to adjust the solar system to the house, or to induce the sun to shine in the north windows. So I built the house on the platform of an abandoned railroad turn-table. A few dollars set the old machinery in order, and now, when I wish the sun to shine in any particular room, I have only to go to the kitchen and turn the crank till the house is properly adjusted to the meridian. As the sun

moves away I give the crank a turn or two and the house follows the sun."

"My love," said Mrs. Jepstone, "I'm deeply grateful for your thoughtful regard for my wishes, but what will folks say? We shall never hear the last of it. People will ask if we enjoy riding, and if great circle sailing is as pleasant on land as on sea, and that sort of thing. Can't the thing be locked up somehow?"

"Certainly, my love. We'll select a good position for the house to-morrow and throw the crank into the well."

After that Mr. Clawson played "Sweet By-and-By" on his trombone with great feeling, and returned to his hotel for the night.

Mrs. Jepstone tried the next day to decide which way the house should permanently face, and, though her husband kindly turned the house round several times, she could not come to any conclusion, and so they let it remain as it was. And now, whenever Mrs. Jepstone wishes to save the parlor carpets from the sun, she rings the bell and says:

"Kate, just turn the house a trifle to the east!"

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE? Pretty girl? Wal, I never thought whether she was good-lookin' or not. Maybe she is. It's only old Waite's Sybil."

Sybil looked up as the words reached her with a sudden interest, half angry, half amused. Anger was strongest. Why must it always be "old Waite's Sybil," as if she had no personality of her own; above all, when she was conscious of owning a much more definite and individual one than that of most of the girls about her? And what right had Hopkins, the express-driver, to point her out in such fashion? Her cheeks flamed, and she looked steadily and defiantly at the speaker, who chuckled slightly, and then touched up the old gray horse, known to all the village, and the only public means of conveyance to or from the little station by the river, a mile from the village proper. The long, light wagon served for freight or passengers, though the latter were seldom to be had, the lonely station giving no indication of the village which, though on a hill, was still shut in by other higher hills, piling up to the north and ending in the dim line of the Green Mountains.

To-day Hopkins had taken unusual pains, for a buffalo-robe was folded over the shaky seat which, as they climbed the steep pitch, gave every indication of forsaking its place altogether, the solitary passenger holding on resolutely and looking about with interest. At the top the old horse stopped for a moment with a long sigh and a prolonged and tremulous shake—the first, his protest against all hills; the second, an attempt to rid himself of several persistent flies,—and then planted himself firmly, as if need for farther progress ended there. A narrow stream, rushing down between steep banks to the broader river below, still lay between them and the village, crossed by a dilapidated bridge, with one central pier out of all proportion to any apparent need. Between the crest of the hill and the bridge stood a low, unpainted house, its steep roof sloping almost to the ground behind, and its dreary and hopelessly-forlorn expression seeming to form part of the place itself. At one side was a plowed field, the corn with which it had been planted growing close to the house. On the other a pasture stretched away to the

stream, ledges here and there, and heavy pines, the remnant of a former forest, shutting off the village. One great elm rose at the back of the house, its wide-spread branches the only suggestion of shade or comfort, and two stumps in front indicated that others had once stood by the roadside. No fence shut them from the highway. A narrow path wound up to the door, and near it, on a flat rock, slightly above the ground and set thick with sweet fern, sat the girl who had come out hastily from the house and thrown herself down for a moment's rest.

Through the open door of a shed at the side came the sound of a plane, and looking in one saw a carpenter's table and smelled the fresh shavings falling from the pine board on which "old Waite" was at work. Sybil, as she looked up resentfully, met a pair of very steady yet soft brown eyes that held her for a moment. There was interest in them, even sympathy, and then a smile as the old horse gave a sudden start and jogged on. Sybil looked after her eagerly. This was some one quite unlike the occasional city visitor, who came back for a look at the shut-in life from which escape had been made; the sons or daughters who had gone out to factories or stores, and married in the new homes, with no desire for return to the old. This was a stranger, dressed in sober brown, with neither flying ribbons nor any glimmer of the heavy chains and lockets dear to the heart of most summer visitors. There was no hint of brightness in this costume, which still in its skillfully combined shades seemed to hold warmth and color, and which harmonized so exactly with the eyes and hair, that Sybil looked down despairingly at her own muddy-looking calico, once brown and white, but reduced by many washings to a tint of even dejectedness.

There was no time for consideration of all its objectionable features. The plane was silent, and she turned slowly toward the little shed, and then, with an energetic shake of the head, in which two tears that had formed with the intention of rolling quietly down in their natural and proper course, suddenly flew off on either side, falling on some scattered tufts of camomile growing between the door and the rock where we first found her.

"Anything that does better for being trodden on," Sybil said, half aloud, "ought to prosper still more if

watered by tears. All the same, these two are all I shall give you to-day;" and she laughed, as she went toward the shed, a rather forlorn little laugh, but it answered its purpose as well as a more substantial one; for her father, who had settled back on the bench and leaned his head against the wall, straightened himself and looked at her, at first blankly, then with an answering smile. So long as the blank look lasted it was very easy to see how he might be known as "old Waite," for the face was thin and wrinkled, and the hair snow-white, while the dark eyes were both sombre and dreary, with a puzzled look that left them as the smile came, but returned as it passed. Sybil put both hands on his temples, moving them softly over the high, narrow forehead, and then pressed her cheek suddenly against his wrinkled one.

"What is it, father?" she said. "Can't you go on?" and then, as no answer came, "Let me see what the trouble is?"

"Something comes next," he said slowly; "and it seemed to go from me, just what. I put the board for Mrs. Woodruff's wash-bench up in the corner, because it came to me that I'd promised Widow Hinchman she should have that light stand to-day that Tommy broke. I've fitted the leg, but it don't stay, and there's a piece off the top, too."

"You forgot the glue," Sybil said, after a moment's look. "Never mind. I'll get it and we'll do it together."

"Yes, we'll do it together," her father repeated contentedly; and Sybil, after a moment's search, found the missing glue-pot behind the bench, and went with it into the little kitchen, where her mother stood ironing near the open window, through which one looked over the pasture to the river and the hills beyond. Sybil set the glue-pot on the stove, and stood looking at it, her hands clasped and her dark eyes as sombre as her father's, till roused by a quick sigh from her mother.

"He's worse to-day," she said softly; "almost too bad to work at all. And there are a good many jobs waiting. You will have to finish the ironing alone, mother, for I must help father through."

"Poor child! it isn't fit work for you," her mother answered. "If you had been a boy you'd have taken to it naturally; for you were always so handy; but it's all got to go, and I don't suppose it will make much difference when. We've got to end in the poorhouse, any way, and when we are once there you'll have a good deal better chance to make something of yourself, and perhaps some time take us out again. There, Sybil; don't cry. We've just got to bear it and be quiet."

Tears had sprung again, but once more Sybil shook them away and tried to smile.

"I won't bear it, and I won't be quiet," she said with an energetic stir of the glue-pot. "I've made up my mind, and I'm going to work in a new way. What is the sense in half starving when I know the business as well as father? I can't handle beams and planks, perhaps, but I know every twist and turn of the light work. We've always covered it up, and behaved as if it were a disgrace for me to help him; but you know I do most of it now, and why shouldn't people understand and know that there is a regular place, just as there used to be?"

"If it were only teaching or sewing, or anything respectable—even going into a milliner's shop—but carpentering! We shall be the town talk, Sybil;" and Mrs. Waite set down her iron despairingly. "I don't mind your helping your father quietly, but folks do talk so, and anything out of the common way is always wrong."

"I've waited because of that long enough," Sybil said resolutely; "and I've been thinking, mother, more and more. Father can't remember now an hour at a time, and we know there is no hope that things will be better. I shall finish all there is in the shop and then take a new start. How much money is there in the house?"

"The tax money, you know—we mustn't touch that—and three dollars beside, but half of that must go for groceries. Why?"

"I wanted a dollar of it, but I will wait. It's too late for this week anyway, and if people will pay, there will be enough next. But I shall take home the stand and the wash-bench, for the last time father went he said he didn't care about the money, and Aleck Gibbs was just mean enough to take him at his word and keep back the price he had agreed upon. And, mother, be just as cheerful as you can. I shall do something dreadful if you are not, for I'm in one of my twisty states this morning, and everything feels crooked."

Sybil caught back a little sob as she spoke, then laughed again, this time genuinely, and ran into the shed. Her father watched her steadily as she glued the pieces carefully, and then tied them so that there could be no chance of slipping till they had dried. Then she turned to the bench, and proceeded to bore the holes for the legs, using the great auger with a skill that showed how long the practice must have been. Her pale cheeks flushed, and the soft light hair about her forehead broke away from the tight knot into which she had twisted it, and lay in little rings above the delicate ears and wherever it could get its way. Hopkins, could he have seen her then, would have had no doubt that she was a pretty girl, and his passenger would have said more than pretty. Abel Hinchman thought so, and showed his thoughts very plainly as Sybil, who had rushed away when steps were heard outside, returned as she heard her father's hesitating voice.

"The light stand? Oh, yes; it isn't dry, but your mother shall have it to-morrow morning."

"You know more about the business now than old—than your father does," said Abel, thrusting his hands into his pockets and eyeing her with an admiration he did not try to conceal. Sybil's eyes were shining with excitement; her dimples came and went.

"I vow," Abel began again, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets and standing before Sybil as if to bar her way out. "You hain't any business in that shop, Sybil, an' if I had my way you wouldn't be there a day longer. I say, Sybil—"

"Come out to the barn," said Sybil, who, in her absorption, had not noticed Abel's peculiar manner. "I want you to see the red calf, and to tell you something," she added, as they passed on out of earshot. "Abel, I know you are always in the store in the evening: I want you to do something for me there. Come over here on the hay and I'll tell you."

Abel followed, a dim suspicion in his mind that, after all, Sybil was much like other girls, and meant to be a little coquettish, perhaps even give him a better opportunity for the words he had half made up his mind to say. The desire lessened as this thought came. After all, he had better wait; but as Sybil turned to him he thought again that he had never seen her so pretty, and listened at first with an exceedingly divided mind, till roused to sudden interest by the end of her hurried statement. Then his look changed, and he rose up suddenly.

"Tain't fit. I won't hear to it," he said.

"Yes, you will," Sybil said coaxingly, going on with her argument—Abel protesting at intervals, but weakening visibly.

"Well," he said at last, "you put it pretty strong, and I shan't say no; but I've got to think awhile. I'll come back and tell how it settles itself, an' don't you go to buildin' up too much on it or anything else. If you'd been cut out for that kind o' thing you'd been made a boy and done with it. Not but what I'm powerful glad to think you're not," he added under his breath, turning away and walking slowly down the hill, adding only, as he heard the swish of the plane again:

"Well, I vow and declare!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Probabilities for 1884—Republican.

In pursuance of the purpose indicated in our last, we shall now consider the names of those Republicans whose eminence makes it necessary to regard as possible or probable aspirants for the Republican nominations for President and Vice-President in 1884. The successful candidates of that party for the Presidency have hitherto been from the West, and an examination of the following list will show that the probabilities are decidedly in favor of the continuance of that rule. If New York could present a man of commanding eminence and ability, in whose support all factions of the Republican party of that state could unite, he would undoubtedly be selected almost without opposition. In default of such a man in New York, it is probable that the Presidential nominee of that party will not be found east of Ohio, and will probably come from some state still farther to the westward. As we have before stated, strength at the polls and popularity with the masses bid fair to control this nomination, rather than political maneuvering and factional alliances. We give these views rather to call our readers' attention to the entire situation, than with the idea of throwing any light upon the result. So far as conclusions are given, they are based upon candid judgment rather than on preference or prejudice. In our next we shall consider in like manner the Democratic probabilities. The careful study of this question has more than ever impressed us with the belief that the nominees of both parties next year will be taken from among their less prominent supporters.

ARTHUR.

It does not seem probable that President Arthur will make any serious effort, or indeed cherishes any real expectation of a nomination for the Presidency. While his administration has been in most respects creditable, and in some respects remarkable, he was the heir of misfortune, and as yet has performed no act of such brilliancy as to furnish the basis for a successful candidacy. He has not seemed especially to court popularity. His veto of the infamous River and Harbor bill was an act which, if done by a man of greater aptitude for acquiring popular favor, would have covered his administration with glory. As a rule, the important appointments he has made have been singularly good; but he has not the faculty of taking the country into his confidence and directing public approval beforehand to the good things he intends to do. He not only holds his peace but manifests an inclination to act upon his own judgment to the confusion always and sometimes to the exasperation of numerous advisers. The country took a sort of pride in the reticence of Grant, because everybody recognized it as one of the elements of his military success. He was the man who "less had said and more had done" in the field than any other. But Grant had the peculiar power of compressing a volume into a single sentence, that made some amends to a public more greedy than the Athenians for some new thing. His apothegms were like his methods of attack—direct and pitiless. Probably no man in our history—not even excepting Lincoln—ever uttered so many phrases that tickled

the fancy, convinced the reason and captivated the hearts of the people. This power President Arthur seems not to possess in any degree. With all of Grant's reticence he has no capacity for dazzling with a phrase that tells everything and reveals nothing. While his recommendations to Congress have been marked with peculiar wisdom, frankness and patriotic conservatism, he has as yet developed no startling novelty of policy or administration which has served to attach to him a popular following of any great power. Owing to his position and the fact that he will have a hostile majority opposed to him in Congress next winter, there is ample opportunity, however, for him to change all this and put himself on the very crest of the tide of public and party favor. Except by thus forcing the hand of his party opponents or by some unforeseen contingency arising to popularize his administration, President Arthur is not likely to become a prominent competitor for the nomination. If he should aspire to the nomination, his relations to his party in the State of New York will be a very important element in his candidature. In the city of New York he is probably stronger than any other Republican can expect to be. In the state, he would meet two elements of opposition which seem to be equally implacable. First, that element who cannot forget the insult, as they feel it to be, to their opinions and preferences contained in the simple fact that "Chet" Arthur became President of the United States. It is a queer, intangible feeling that they have somehow been injured thereby. It is not that they object so much to what he has done, or would have any especial distrust of a second term, but they are aggrieved that the country should have selected a silent party-worker rather than a noisy party-leader for the second place, on whom fell afterward the honors of the first. Secondly, Mr. Arthur would encounter an apparently insuperable obstacle in that element in his party which he had the misfortune to antagonize last autumn. At the head of this opposition is the late Governor of the state, who, if not able himself to secure the support of the state delegation, would probably, at least, be able to prevent its giving a hearty support to President Arthur.

BLAINE.

The publication of Mr. Blaine's book will no doubt be deferred until after the Convention. He is not a man to be willingly retired to private life, nor of a temper to omit any opportunity to settle old scores in whole or in part. His following is intense and loyal, and even those who oppose admire his audacity, shrewdness and energy. He served a notice after the last congressional election that he was not in the field, and the brief "boom" resulting from the formation of Blaine clubs among the foot-sore Republicans whom that race had enraged rather than discouraged, was soon suppressed. There are those who believe that he recognizes the fact that he has twice been "clubbed" to death, and that while he will avoid a drum-and-banner canvass, he will yet maintain a "literary bureau," and conduct a "still hunt" for the office he still yearns to fill. His reputation for running "second best," and the fact that he is thought likely to make a trade

somewhere about the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, will make against him. While he may command a following sufficiently strong to enable him, in effect, to name the candidate, there is little prospect that he will ever receive any electoral votes. The campaign is not likely to be one especially suited to his peculiar style of work. It is not to be one in which any man's success depends in any degree on another man's failure. The power to kill does not presuppose the power to make alive, and the favorite in this contest will be selected solely on his own merits, and not on the defects of his opponents.

CONKLING,

the late Senator from New York, can no longer be regarded as an important political factor. He is not of a temper that retrieves mistakes, and those whom he once offends he seems fated to drive into unquenchable hostility.

EDMUNDS.

Unquestionably the most popular of the eastern Republicans throughout the whole country is Senator Edmunds of Vermont. Were he twenty years younger, and of robust health, it is more than probable that his nomination would be assured, despite the fact that he comes from a state that is never doubtful and has but an insignificant number of electoral votes. He is trusted by both factions, and has an unimpeachable record which is in entire harmony with the traditions of his party. He would command the full support of his party and a large probable following among the business men of all political beliefs. His age and impaired physical powers make it almost certain that his candidacy could not be successful. In order to succeed, the Republican party must appeal to and maintain its hold upon the young voters of the country. Its candidate for the Presidency must be a man who has a future as well as a past.

GRANT.

It is one of the most striking examples of the fickleness of public favor that even to speak kindly of this greatest of our military chieftains is now an almost certain method of awakening public suspicion. Unlike almost all unfortunate candidates, he met with little sympathy in defeat, and his efforts to secure the election of his successful rival seem only to have stimulated the animosity of his enemies. Every act and utterance of his since that time has been the signal for a new attack. The war against him has been unrelenting, and will no doubt end only with his life. There is no reasonable prospect that he will be mentioned as a candidate before the Convention.

HAWLEY.

Perhaps the most popular of eastern Republicans of long service, who is affected with no serious disability of age or record, is General Hawley. Of southern birth, eastern life, and western characteristics, General Hawley is one of the widest-known, best-liked and least-antagonized men in his party. At the same time, his chances for the Presidential nomination cannot be considered good. Should he be put forward for the second place, with General Sherman, Foster or Lincoln in the lead, his nomination would be almost assured. His record upon all the questions of the past and present is remarkably good. His military career was brilliant, and his personal character and following are of the very best.

CORNELL.

There is little doubt that the late Republican Governor of New York will be in the race for the nomination. It is hardly possible that his name should not be presented by a part, at least, of the delegation from that state. Mr. Cornell is a practical politician, and if the chances of success for his party were brighter than they are, his prospects could not be considered bad. With the chances so evenly balanced as they are, however, the nomination will be controlled rather by available strength

before the people than by the manipulations of political workers. Mr. Cornell has a good record in every position he has occupied. He has a large following of zealous friends and a like array of implacable enemies. Outside of the State of New York, he has no standing among the masses, and his personality is not one that seems calculated to awaken great enthusiasm. If he should be able to secure a strong preponderance of the New York delegation, he would be more than likely to obtain the second place upon the ticket, just as one who could receive the hearty, enthusiastic and undivided support of the party in that state would be morally certain to obtain the first.

SHERMAN, JOHN.

Senator Sherman is hardly likely to receive any consideration as a Presidential candidate, not so much from his defeat in 1880 as from the incongruous character of his following in that Convention. Correctly or incorrectly, it is generally believed that he allowed the influence of his office to be exercised to secure delegations in his favor. This impression was strengthened by the fact that a large proportion of his strength came from the South, where the vast majority of his party is not of a character likely to have any very enthusiastic admiration for a mere financier or a statesman so generally accounted "cold-blooded" and unsympathetic. The Civil Service reformers could hardly be very enthusiastic in his favor, while the Stalwarts are not likely to forget that but for him they would probably have carried the Convention. His following even then was the least enthusiastic and reliable of any of the prominent aspirants, and the fact that he is no longer Secretary of the Treasury would, no doubt, seriously affect its numerical strength.

SHERMAN, WILLIAM T.

Among the possible Republican candidates General Sherman is one of the strongest. The first great element of his strength is, of course, his brilliant military record, and his almost universal popularity with the military element. Despite his conservative political views and the entire absence of partisanship in his administration of the army, his nomination would perhaps awaken more of the old animosity at the South than almost any that could be made. Along the line of his "march to the sea" he is remembered with peculiar bitterness, and his controversies with Generals Joe Johnston and Wade Hampton would make the opposition to him at the South so malignant as unquestionably to react in his favor at the North, and draw party lines sharper and closer upon the issues of the war, or growing out of it, than the selection of almost any other man. His chances would perhaps be impaired rather than strengthened by his kinship with the distinguished Senator, while the advantages and disadvantages of his relations to the Roman Catholic Church would probably about counterbalance each other. The condition of the Republican party in Missouri, and its inclination toward his candidacy, would constitute a very powerful element in his chances for nomination which cannot now be determined, while the fact that he will then, of his own motion, as it were, have laid down the highest military office and retired to private life, will create a feeling in his favor that can hardly be over-estimated. Such a thing always carries the public heart, and, united with his great personal magnetism and happy faculty for saying something apt and fresh and racy at any time, makes General Sherman one of the most available possibilities of his party. Situated as he is, he is unlikely to do anything to improve or impair his chances during the time intervening before the nomination.

FOSTER.

Governor Foster—Charlie Foster, as the Ohio Republicans delight to call him—is a somewhat remarkable product of that state renowned for political anomalies. He is one of the very few men who have risen to commanding

eminence in the Republican party since the war without any aid from a military record. A man of irrepressible energy, great wealth, inexhaustible good temper and amazing luck, he has managed to hit the public heart without posing as a hero. He never fought, bled or died to any appreciable extent, but has won more doubtful battles for himself and held the friendship of more oddly-matched political associates than almost any man living. A man who does not attempt to conceal that he is human; who makes mistakes and owns that he has made them; who stands by his friends and does not exasperate his enemies; who gets down to the popular level, appeals to the public heart, and if he is not given what he wants, takes whatever task is assigned him to perform—whoever shall leave this remarkable man out of consideration in estimating the chances of the Republican nomination, will assuredly make a great mistake. He is not popular with politicians, especially at the East. The political "dude," who worships with his face toward England, and believes only in good clothes and a starched gentility, has no use for him. He is not regarded as a profound political economist; his ideas upon the tariff are not too inflexible; he has dallied with some political heresies, but has always repented in due season, and has an unmistakable power of inducing the multitude to follow after him. In his own party he is fortunate in his alliances. The practical politicians, whether of the Blaine or Stalwart stripe, cannot object either to his principles or practice, while those who delight to call themselves "Garfield" Republicans are by that very fact estopped from objection to him. The Reformers cannot deny that he has a good record as an administrative officer, and the "Temperance" element cannot antagonize him in a national campaign in which no specific issue can be formulated. That Governor Foster would be willing to undertake the leadership of the Republican host there is no sort of doubt. That he will be the choice of the Ohio delegation seems to be morally certain. He is handicapped by the fact that the last four Presidential terms have been filled from that state, for though Grant was from Illinois when chosen, he was an Ohioan by birth, and his life is much more closely connected with this modern "Mother of Presidents" than with the state of his adoption. Besides that, the Ohio man has modestly absorbed a pretty large share of the leading places in the military, judicial and diplomatic services. These places have been well-earned, well-bestowed and well-filled. No one can question that; but that portion of the East who are yet unable to recognize the fact that the centre of life, as well as the centre of population of the country, has gone away westward, and is year by year creeping toward the Mississippi, do not relish the fact. The East thinks that her wealth should rule, even though it is largely made up from toll levied upon what the West grows and consumes. The Northwest is underestimated by the Northeast, and that faction of the Republican party which especially claims to represent its best element is not altogether pleased with the "Westernism" of western party-leaders. Ever since the first nomination of Mr. Lincoln there has been a sort of a protest current among men of the stamp of Mr. Hoar, for instance, against the predominance of the unpolished and unconventional western man in the party. There is something too pronounced and positive and startling about the ordinary leader of that section. They have been galled at the idea that the culture, erudition and fastidious propriety of the East should be required to serve under such leadership. The friends of Seward and Sumner and others of like characteristics have felt it keenly, and have not always concealed it. These men are not warmly disposed toward Foster, because he is peculiarly of the stamp of common man, whose success they regard as a sort of reflection on their own merit. It may be accepted, then, that he will get little support from the East, except by special alliance with some one as a candidate for the

second place, or as the result of combinations arising after the Convention meets.

HARRISON.

Senator Ben Harrison, of Indiana, has for some years been a possible candidate for one of the places on the national ticket. One would hardly have been surprised if he had obtained the first place either in 1876 or 1880, while it was almost a matter of surprise that the second place did not fall to him on both these occasions. In either case the prompt action of his friends might have secured him the Presidency before this time. This was wanting, however, and it may be questioned if the opportunity has not now passed away. Had Mr. Blaine succeeded at Chicago, Mr. Harrison would no doubt have received the second place. That alliance is not likely to be of equal value at this time. Indeed, it is probable that Mr. Harrison's ambition—if he has any—has now grown beyond the Vice-Presidential chair. He is now a senator, with a long term before him and a fair prospect for being named his own successor. Should he be an aspirant, as he can hardly help being considered, it will be for the Presidential nomination. For this he has many elements of strength. He is of the younger race of politicians. Unlike Mr. Lincoln, his name would be of very little advantage to his candidacy. The hero of the "Log-Cabin" campaign is very dead to the present generation of voters. The issues and events which gave prominence to the Harrison of 1840 have become indistinct and trivial to-day. But the man himself is by no means weak. An orator of note, a thoroughly equipped statesman, a man of genial nature and wide personal popularity, he has very many of the elements befitting the position and favoring a successful candidacy. He is not, however, a man of strong will, and it is doubtful if he can bring his state to stand solidly behind him in the Convention. Should another name be presented from Indiana the chances are that neither would be successful, especially as the fact would probably indicate something more than mere preference for another by part of the Republicans of the state, being grounded somewhat in an animosity which it would be bad policy to reawaken. Indiana will be one of the most important states in this contest. There is little doubt that one of the Democratic candidates will come from that state, and this probability makes imperative the necessity that rests upon the Republicans to select a ticket that shall at least be acceptable to all the Republicans of Indiana. It is likely to be one of the most sharply-contested points along the whole line. This fact has given peculiar piquancy to the report that the present Postmaster-General is not unlikely to be an aspirant.

LOGAN.

Despite a public life of unusual variety and brilliancy, it can hardly be said that John A. Logan has any reasonable prospect of securing the nomination. His close alliance with the Stalwart faction of his party would make his candidacy very perilous in the State of New York, and he has no special strength in any other doubtful states to counteract the peril of defeat in the Empire State. Besides, it is very doubtful if, after the animosity developed by the struggle in the Convention of 1880, his candidacy would command the united and hearty support of his party in Illinois.

GRESHAM.

Mr. Gresham has as yet only a local reputation as a man of strong will, vigorous intellect and a devoted following in Indiana. His relinquishment of a life position in the Federal judiciary is held to be an indication of his intention to take an active part in Indiana politics. The fact that he was succeeded in his judgeship by so popular and politic a man as Judge Woods, is also thought to indicate that he is forming alliances to extend and consolidate his strength. It has been the claim of many Indiana Republicans that the party in that state has had no head

since the death of Morton. Despite her many men of marked ability it is said that the leadership still remains vacant. There are not wanting men among them who declare that Walter Gresham aspires to fill that place, and in other states—notably among a section of Pennsylvania Republicans—there are to be found those who regard him as the coming leader. His record as a soldier and as a judge are both creditable. As a political leader, he has hitherto been more distinguished for the antagonisms he has evoked than for the successes he has accomplished.

LINCOLN.

THE career of Robert T. Lincoln has been exceptional among the public men of our history. The son of the most popular and revered of our statesmen, he was not yet beyond the preparatory stage of life when the tempest burst about his father's head. Only the most urgent entreaty of that father served to keep the boy out of the turmoil that surged about him. Again and again it is said that he broke away from this paternal restraint and sought the camp. Despite his father's position he neither desired nor received rank or command, and when he finally took part in the great struggle it was only as a simple captain on the staff of one of our generals. He was not thrust forward, nor given any prominence or advantage because of his relation to the head of the nation, but served unostentatiously and creditably. With his father's death he dropped from the public gaze, and was only heard of now and then as a modest, unassuming, and only moderately successful lawyer of the great metropolis of the Northwest, until he was called to take the portfolio of war in General Garfield's cabinet. During the exciting events that followed he was one of the few men closely connected with the President who never seemed to take advantage of that fact to attract the attention of the public to himself. If he has taken any part in the factional struggles that have torn his party since that time, it is unknown. To "Stalwart" and "Liberal" he has been the same. Whatever has come to him in the way of duty he seems to have performed with a quiet disregard of consequences that reminds us of his illustrious father. Very many congressmen of all shades of political belief vowed vengeance against him for his report upon the River and Harbor enormity, but he neither retracted what he had said nor volunteered any explanation or defense of what he had done. The general sentiment of the outside public was that he had performed a disagreeable duty resolutely and well. Perhaps no man in our history has ever filled so important a position, at so critical a time, with so few words, so little fuss and a more general acceptability. As a politician merely—as the head of a clique or faction—he has no strength whatever. As the son of Abraham Lincoln, as a faithful, modest soldier, and as one who while at the head of a public department neither took part in factional bickering nor sought to create for himself a personal following within his party, Mr. Lincoln would offer exceptional advantages as a candidate for the office in which his father died while the term for which he was chosen was yet hardly begun. Mr. Lincoln's chances for securing the nomination are undoubtedly impaired by Mr. Logan's strength in Illinois. While he would no doubt command the hearty approval of his party in that state, it must be remembered that the Federal offices are supposed to be filled with the especial friends of Mr. Logan; and it is generally supposed that a considerable majority of the Illinois delegation may very probably favor his nomination. Should that be the case, Secretary Lincoln's chances for the nomination will depend almost entirely upon the course which affairs may take in the Convention. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he would have peculiar strength as a candidate. He is young, the son of one who commands more than any other the grateful memory of a whole people, is honorably linked with the great national struggle, has an unim-

peachable record, and the confidence and good-will of all factions of his party.

WINDOM.

The late Secretary of the Treasury must be considered in this list, despite his recent defeat for the Senate in his own state, chiefly because he is held in higher esteem by the aggressive faction of his party in the East than almost any western man of prominence except Senator Sherman. The especial admirers of Senator Edmunds—the business men and reformers of the East—would probably prefer him to any other man west of New York. His financial views have not always been sound, but his position in President Garfield's Cabinet, and his very able administration of the Treasury, have probably condoned his previous economic errors. His relations to civil service reform are such as should be satisfactory, while he has not actively assailed the Stalwarts nor estranged those who differed with him in opinion. He is a possible "dark horse," whose extreme northwestern *locus* with his eastern affiliation renders not seriously improbable. He has not great personal popularity or magnetism. His strength would be that of a fair average representative of the best elements of his party without special antagonism from any faction.

Worth Having.

A FRIEND, writing from California, says:

"I wish to send a few lines expressing my gratitude for the pleasure which *THE CONTINENT* has given to me in common with so many others during the past year. I have been a subscriber from the first, and intended to renew promptly, but I had vowed to send you one more with my renewal, and being very closely occupied, failed to secure one until now. I send this with my own as an evidence of my interest in *THE CONTINENT*."

Such testimonials from our subscribers are very frequent. It is not always that the reader of a periodical knows how much he can do for its excellence and success. With one more number *THE CONTINENT* will close its first year in its present form. We appealed to our readers then to help us, promising to apply the proceeds faithfully to promote their pleasure and advantage, and to spare no effort to make each succeeding number better than the previous one. They responded nobly. In a very brief period our subscription list was doubled, and since that time has more than quadrupled. Whether we have redeemed our pledge it is for our readers to say. If we may judge from the letters we receive and the encomiums of the press, we have a right to believe that we have at least not failed. We know that we have spared no effort to deserve the confidence bestowed. Fully \$50,000 have been expended in matter and illustration during that period, and we now feel fully justified in promising that if our readers will do for us what they did before—send us each one more subscriber—we will make the investment even a better one for them than we did before. To new subscribers we will send *THE CONTINENT* from the beginning of "Judith" to February 1st, 1884, for two dollars; or until January 1st, 1884, with back numbers from January, 1883, for \$3.00; or the same, with the back numbers of Vol. III bound, for \$3.50. Such opportunities as these for obtaining first-class magazine literature at a moderate rate are rare. Any renewing subscriber who sends one new yearly subscription with his own is entitled to have them sent for one year at \$3.00 apiece.

THE CONTINENT NOVEL EXTRA, No. 1, "A Mississippi Martyr," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, is now ready for delivery to dealers. Price 10 cents.

ATTENTION is called to the carefully-prepared index of *THE CONTINENT*, Volume III, published herewith. Nothing shows so comprehensively the wide range covered by a popular periodical as the completed indexes of its succeeding volumes. To Mr. W. Frank O'Brien, of *THE CONTINENT* staff, is due the credit of the work in hand.



THE following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the number of the query, and not to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—Under answers the bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question.

Answers.

5—[27] "The Ages," by William Cullen Bryant, is referred to as an example of the complete rhymed Sestina, by M. L. M.

6—[2] Lady Emily Viviani, "with much beauty of person and grace of mind," is the subject of the "Epipsychidion," by Shelley, who spoke of her as the "only Italian for whom I ever felt any interest." She married an Italian count named Bondi, lived and died unhappy. When Shelley and his wife befriended her she had been immured against her will in a convent for several years. Shelley, in his fashion, grew tired of pitying her, and eventually wrote: "The Epipsychidion I cannot look at; the person it celebrates is a cloud instead of a Juno; and poor Ixion starts from the Centaur that was the fruit of his own embrace." See the latest collection of Shelley's letters, just published in London, under the authority of Sir Percy Shelley, the poet's grandson. CH. A. COLE.

7—[14] A "nef," or navette d'or, was a kind of box in the form of a ship (*navis*) which was placed upon the table of a sovereign, or great person; it had a lock to it, and served to contain the goblet and various other utensils for the owner's private use. See the "Inventaire de Charles V," fols. 41, 87, &c., and Du Cange's Glossary. CH. A. COLE.

Questions.

(Continued from No. 68.)

30—PLEASE give the correct pronunciation of the word Kewedah. R. S.

Kewedah (the second *e* being long) is the phonetic spelling given by good authorities.

31—CAN you refer me to some recent and trustworthy work on South America, describing in particular the climate and physical features of Brazil and the Amazon Valley? A. S.

The following named are recent works on the subject: "Journey Across South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific," by P. Macey, Scribners, N. Y.; "Journey in Brazil," by Prof. Agassiz, Osgood, Boston; "Life in

Brazil," by T. Eubank, Harpers, N. Y. The large works of Wallace and Réclus are also standards on this subject.

32—WILL you be so kind as to give a description of the toy that was the theme of the poet, Tom Moore, about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore" and in English a "quiz?" Tom Moore, in speaking of it, says: "To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons of both sexes were playing it up and down as they walked along, or as my own very young doggerel described it:

"The ladies, 'oo, when in the streets or walking in the Green,
Went quizzing on to show their shapes and graceful mien.'"

In what French dictionary is this word "bandalore" found, or in what English dictionary is this word "quiz" found as here used? J. W. B.

33—METAL MONEY. Where is the line "God save the paper money" to be found?

The exact words of the stanza about which you ask are—

"God save the paper money and the paper-money men;
God save them all from those who call to have their gold again;
God send they may be always safe against a reckoning day;
And then God send me plenty of their promises to pay."

They are to be found in the last stanza of one of the "paper-money lyrics," written by Thomas Love Peacock, in 1825. These satirical summaries on the evils of "paper money, unlimited in issue," are unique and unanswerable. G. M.

34—WHAT are the facts concerning the alleged robbery of Cardinal Richelieu's tomb? J. L. R.

In the April number of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* is a drawing of the real "mummied" face of the Cardinal Richelieu, which was separated from the head and stolen from the tomb at the church of the Sorbonne, Paris, in December, 1793. This face finally fell into the hands of M. Armez, a private citizen, who preserved the skin of the face by an embalming varnish; the teeth, the hair, beard and mustaches and eyebrows still adhered to the mask, the eyes being closed and sunk deep in their sockets. Sixteen years ago, the son of M. Armez presented the relic to Napoleon III, and in December 1866, the face, enshrined in a box, was solemnly restored with great ceremony by the Archbishop of Paris (afterwards shot by the Communists) under the monument by Girardon, to the great minister in the Church of the Sorbonne. M. Bonnaffé, in telling us of these striking details, moralizes well that this is all that remains of the proud Richelieu, the most powerful ruler France ever had; his chateaux, his pictures, his collections of jewels and antiquities, his souvenirs, his bones even, all scattered to the winds. What a tragic image of human vanities, "et du peu que nous sommes!" E. M. H.

35—WHAT portrait or portraits of the Count Duke de Olivares were executed by Velasquez? E. H. R.

It is now an ascertained fact by M. Paul Lefort that the unrivaled Spanish painter, Velasquez, both etched and engraved a portrait of the Count Duke de Olivares—a point long in dispute between critics and quidnuncs innumerable.

36—PLEASE give some account of the mosque of the Imam Esh-Shafi'y at Cairo, and oblige R. S.

Knowledge, eldest daughter of smiling Peace, does not ordinarily go almost hand in hand with savage War, as she has in the late appointment of a "Commission for the Preservation of Arab Monuments" at Cairo. One of the commissioners, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, a sedulous Egyptologist, reports graphically the official visit of the commission to the tomb mosque of the Imam Esh-Shafi'y, "the most sacred, perhaps, in Egypt, though the Hasa-

neyn may rival it in sanctity." Christians rarely obtain admission, and the large majority of regular mosque students have never entered it. "There is a magnificent frieze of wood-carving beneath the spring of the dome which must be Ayubite. The dome itself is the finest I have yet seen. The stalactites at the corners are extremely bold and well-designed, and the coloring throughout is richer than that of any other existing mosque of Cairo. Inscriptions in the walls record that both Kait Bey (fifteenth century) and Kansuh El-Ghury (beginning of the sixteenth) renewed the decorations; but there is no doubt that the form of the dome as well as much of the ornament is original, and dates back to the *thirteenth century*." After taking coffee with the sheykh of the mosque, continues Mr. Lane-Poole—"an almost unprecedented event, I fancy, in the case of Christians"—the commissioners examined a curious tomb, older than the mosque itself, of an Amir who died in A. H. 613 (A. D. 1235), with an older Kufic slab over the door with the date A. H. 304 (A. D. 926). The reports of the Arab Art Commission appear in the *Moniteur Egyptien*, and Mr. Lane-Poole is a correspondent of the *London Athenæum*.

J. L. C.

37—WHEN was flax first used in the arts?

H. M.

Mr. Edward M. Henry calls attention to the "Cantor Lectures" upon the art of lace-making as exact and ample, delivered before the London Society of Arts some twelve months ago, by Mr. Alan S. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, and quotes for us a very interesting passage: "Upon the Egyptian sculptures of Beni Hassan, described by Sir G. Wilkinson, of the date of perhaps twenty-five hundred years before Christ, there are pictorial descriptions of how flax was beaten, the striking of flax after it is made into yarn, twisting the yarn into rope, weaving the yarn into a cloth by a loom, and hundreds of similar interesting details in the practice of arts by dexterous handicraftsmen. Perhaps the earliest ornamental work germane to lace are the fringed borders of robes sculptured upon Assyrian monoliths of the time of Assur-nazir-Pal, about eight hundred years before Christ. The lines forming a trellis pattern in the upper part of these borders appear to consist of round, plaited cords, very similar in their plaiting to that which is to be seen upon fringed borders of Persian carpets now in the market or to plaited leather whip-thongs. On the mantle of the king the trellis pattern is rather more elaborate than those on the dresses of the attendants, though the whole design is quite primitive. The word 'lace' in our English Bible is used to indicate a small cord, since lace for decoration would be more commonly known at the time of the translation in the seventeenth century as 'purls,' 'points,' or 'cut works.'"

38—WILL some historical student explain the meaning of the English Exchequer tallies?

A CAREFUL READER.

The "tallies" were one of the means by which the English Crown accounts were kept on small sticks of wood, in the mediæval times, from two to three inches in length and half an inch in width, each of which was notched, and bore an inscription of the money values the stick or "tally" represented. There were two kinds. The first was the tally of "sol," abridgement for *solution* (paid), given forth to a person making a payment into the Exchequer, whereon the word "sol" was written, to show that the money denoted by the inscription and notches of the tally had been actually paid into the Exchequer, and to serve as a legal acquittance for the same in the Exchequer of Account. The second kind was the "tally of *pro*" (for), which at first operated as a modern check on a banker, being given forth in payment from the Exchequer as a charge upon some public accountant, for him to pay the sum expressed thereon out of the revenues in his hands before they should reach the Exchequer. It

afterward served as a voucher, for which he had credit upon his account in the "Exchequer of Account," in like manner as if for money actually paid by him into the Exchequer of Receipt. See Palgrave's "Merchant and Friar." Gradually these tallies grew into clumsy, long, cumbersome sticks, three feet or more in length. They were abolished in the reign of the present queen. The fire which consumed the Houses of Parliament above forty years ago was attributed to the burning up of waste tallies in the vaults.

I. SMALL.

39—CAN you give me the author of the couplet:

"Poets have wronged poor storms; such days are best;
They purge the air without, within the breast?"

Portland, Jay Co., Ind., June 1, 1883. KATE C. HAYNES.

40—EDGAR A. POE, in his "Poetical Principle," has the following: "In the compass of the English language I can call to mind no poem more profoundly, more weirdly *imaginative* in the best sense than the lines commencing, 'I would I were by that dim lake,' which are the composition of Thomas Moore. I regret that I am unable to remember them." And again, speaking of Thomas Hood, he says: "'The Haunted House,' by the same author (*i. e.*, Hood), is one of the truest poems ever written—one of the *truest*—one of the most unexceptionable—one of the most thoroughly artistic, both in its theme and in its execution. It is, moreover, powerfully ideal—imaginative. I regret that its length renders it unsuitable for the purposes of this lecture." I have what purports to be a "complete edition" of Thomas Moore's poems, but cannot find the poem described by Poe, as above; nor can I find in my volume of "Thomas Hood's Poetical Works" any poem entitled "The Haunted House," or any that in my opinion such title would suit. Will you kindly give me a little information on the subject?

THOMAS.

41—IN the quotation from Macbeth, Act V, Scene 5:

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come!'"

A. claims that "the idea is that the cry of the besieging forces has ceased, and that they are coming. B. claims "the cry" is the cry of the besieged; that they (the besiegers) continue to come. Will you kindly solve the problem, and oblige a group of readers of THE CONTINENT?

F. M.

Here is an opportunity for ingenious Shakspeareans to exercise their wits.

42—I HAVE noticed in THE CONTINENT answers to questions similar to this, so venture to ask you what should be the complimentary address of a firm composed of first, a married woman and a man as B. & S., Mrs. B. and Mr. S.? Second, A. & B., Miss A. and Mr. B.? Dear Sirs or Gentlemen would hardly do, and we are at a loss to know what is proper. A SUBSCRIBER.

43—WILL you tell me where the best water filter for home use can be obtained, and what is the price of one?

MRS. J. M. EDWARDS.

We cannot venture to recommend special styles of goods in this column, but may say that animal charcoal makes the best filter, and that owing to existing conditions in the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia is a great emporium for effective filters of the best construction.

44—WILL some reader of THE CONTINENT kindly answer for me the following questions:

1. Ought we to say "Decoration Day" or "Memorial Day" when referring to the 30th of May?
2. What day is observed at the South for the purpose of commemorating the virtues of the Confederate dead; why was that day adopted, and what is it termed?
3. In how many states are these days, or either of them, legal holidays, and by what term are they designated as such?

EXLINE.

45—IN parliamentary practice no one is at liberty to move a reconsideration unless he voted with the prevailing party. Is it also required that the seconder to the motion should have voted with the majority? By answering the above you will greatly oblige,

C. P.



"CAPE COD FOLKS" is nearing its twentieth thousand, and Miss McLean is naturally at work upon a new novel, which, it is to be hoped, will have all the charm of portions of her first, and none of the preposterous features of her second story.

The many who have followed the sayings and doings of "Uncle Remus" will welcome the announcement made by *The Century* of a new series from Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, who is unrivaled in his reproduction of negro character and dialect.

"THE MANHATTAN" bids fair to occupy as prominent a place in the affections of New Yorkers as that long held by *The Galaxy*, still regretfully remembered. A new volume begins with the July number, and the announcements for it include short serials from Julian Hawthorne and Philip Bourke Marston.

AN almost unknown German writer, Moriz Carriere, has suddenly made himself a reputation by means of a poem entitled "The Last Night of the Girondists." Their last hours it is known were given to the discussion of the immortality of the soul, and it is their thoughts and reflections which form the substance of the poem.

MR. AINGER'S "Life of Lamb" was one of the most charming in the "English Men of Letters" series, and he has performed a hardly less substantial service in his introduction and notes to the compact but beautifully made edition of "The Essays of Elia," published recently by Macmillan & Co. Neither were absolutely necessary to the lovers of Elia, a yearly increasing company, but the notes are full of information and the volume a most desirable addition to even a crowded book-shelf. (12mo, pp. 424, \$1.75).

THE *Q. P. Index Annual* for 1882 is at hand, bearing evidence of increased enterprise and pains-taking work. As a specimen of systematic indexing, with an ingenious plan of space-saving abbreviations, it is without an equal. An idea of the labor involved may be gained from the fact that no less than twenty-three of the leading publications, including *THE CONTINENT*, *Harper*, *Century*, *Nation*, *Art Amateur*, etc., etc., are carefully indexed by subjects in a pamphlet so compact in form that it can be kept within reach even on an over-crowded desk. As a supplement to Poole's invaluable general index this is indispensable to all literary workers. A novel feature is introduced in a "Necrology," or historical list of defunct publications. Only two are named, viz., *The Penn Monthly* and *Potter's Monthly*, both of Philadelphia. (*Q. P. Index*, Bangor, Me.).

If ante-mortem lives must be written at all, then we may desire such doers of the deed as Mr. William Sloane Kennedy, who, in his recent book, entitled "Oliver Wendell Holmes, Poet, Litterateur, Scientist," places his justification on a fly-leaf, quoting from Dr. Holmes himself; "It is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly-earned praise to the writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker." Recognition is good, and no American author has better earned it, and there is so much valuable information and criticism in the volume that one is almost reconciled to its existence, though it is impossible to reconcile one's self to this style of production. Mr. Kennedy is a fearless critic, and gives full ground for his statement that Dr. Holmes is, in great part, responsible for the continuance and cultivation of a

spirit which must, in spite of the fine side it includes, come under the head of snobbishness, cultured snobbishness being a degree more intolerable than any other form. (12mo, pp. 356, \$1.50; S. E. Cassino & Co.).

"THE WAYSIDE" has fallen into unexpected hands, Mr. Daniel Lothrop, of the publishing firm of D. Lothrop & Co., having purchased it. It is hardly necessary to say that this was the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne at Concord, Massachusetts—"the only one he ever owned—where he lived and wrote, and from which his remains were borne to the grave. In 1852, when Hawthorne bought it, it was a quaint and picturesque old house, nearly a century old, with a gambrel roof and the big oak end beams characteristic of colonial architecture. Hawthorne made many alterations in it and built over the L a tower in which he fitted up a study. Still the house retains to this day a venerable aspect well befitting the historic ground on which it stands—a mile from Concord village on the Lexington road. Mr. Lothrop will make it his summer home."

"MASTERY," the new juvenile weekly, conducted by James Richardson, lately editor of the *Scientific American*, has now reached its fifth number. Leaving out of sight the somewhat infelicitous name, and the intimation—rather repellent to young folks—that it is devoted to "useful pastimes," the publication seems well calculated to occupy a field toward which the lighter-minded of the juvenile publications have been for some months reaching out. The best test of such an undertaking is the way in which it is received by its natural constituents. We know of one rather mechanically-inclined young person who votes in favor of *Mastery*. It is the intention of the publishers to furnish weekly, in a popular form, such suggestions for occupation and recreation as shall meet the views of young people whatever the natural bent of their minds. The world of science and industry is full of material available for such a publication as this, and it deserves success in all the departments which it has undertaken to develop. The notable success of industrial schools in Philadelphia, New York and Boston makes it certain that the ingenious girls and boys of the country are only waiting for a chance to hear just what *Mastery* offers to tell them. The last number contains, besides a marvelous serial story concerning a scientific wizard, the account of how a boy made a serviceable trunk, directions for using soldering tools, a paper on aquariums, "Home Handicraft for Young Women," "Screens and Their Decoration," and several other entertaining and suggestive papers. (Address *Mastery*, 842 Broadway, New York).

THE cry still goes up for the American novel, but it may be questioned if the critic who desires its existence would know it if he saw it. In fact, till it is settled what constitutes the American novel, we are likely to be blind to much that for a coming generation will count as ranking under this very head. To such class will certainly belong "The Led Horse Claim," which, having ended as a serial in the *Century*, now takes attractive shape as a book, Mrs. Foote's own illustrations being of peculiar excellence. The story is very simple. Cecil Conrath comes from the East to her brother in the mining regions of the Far West, and finds that the mine in which he is interested—the Shoshone—has a rival in the "Led Horse," which has suddenly struck ore. There is a suspicion that the former mine has been tapped, and that the vein is really the property of the Shoshone. The agent for the Led Horse, Hilgard, in the midst of all the anxieties and vicissitudes of mining-life, falls in love with Cecil. The quarrel goes on, however, the brother being surly and untrustworthy at best. He will not allow a survey and the equitable arrangement that Hilgard wishes, and the end is a barricade in the mine, an exchange of shots, the death of Conrath, and the despair of Cecil, who counts herself as forever separated from her lover. How the

tangle ends the reader must discover. In the meantime, a singularly faithful picture has been made of an equally singular phase of life. Mrs. Foote's work is sympathetic, delicate and charming, and a most delightful contrast to the analytical fiction of the day, while the making up of the book is quite in harmony with the contents. (16mo, pp. 279, \$1.35; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston).

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

May 5.—A rather important incident occurred in the history of American monopolies. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt retired from the presidency of the New York Central Railroad, and his sons from the presidencies of the other Vanderbilt roads. New offices known as directorships in the boards of managers are created, however, and these are filled by the millionaire's sons, so that the family may retain a comfortable hold on the business. This is manifestly a move in the direction of entailment.

[Concerning monopolies see H. D. Lloyd, *Atlantic*, Vol. XLVII, p. 317; C. C. Nott, *International Review*, Vol. I, p. 370, and *Chambers' Journal*, Vol. XVII, p. 362; A. S. Bolles, *North American Review*, Vol. CXVII, p. 319; D. C. Cloud, "Monopolies and the People," *Egbert, Fidler & Chambers*, Davenport, Iowa.]

May 6.—The Rev. George Williamson Smith, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected to the presidency of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He is a graduate of Hobart College, and was for some time chaplain at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Afterward he was rector of a church in Jamaica, Long Island, and since 1881 has been rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn. Trinity College is recognized as the Episcopalian College of the United States.

[See *Scribner*, Vol. II, p. 601. "Sketch of Trinity College."]

Josiah Henson, the recognized original of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," died in Dresden, Ohio. He was born a slave, and made a daring escape to Canada. Incidents in his life were used with fine effect by Mrs. Stowe, but the novel is by no means a history of Mr. Henson's life.

[See "Life of Josiah Henson" and "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin."]

May 9.—The Supreme Court has rendered a highly-important decision in regard to the right of states to fix rates of freight and fare within their own borders. The decision affirms that of the Illinois Court, saying, in substance, that the enactment of laws to prevent extortion by those having charge of the public highways, is an inalienable, legitimate exercise of power on the part of the state. The suits were brought by the great railways as test cases, and this adverse finding of the highest court has an important bearing on measures now under consideration in Connecticut and other states.

[See *Railway Gazette* for 1875; essays by C. F. Adams, Jr., and others; Pierce, E. L., "Treatise on American Railroad Law," Baker, Voorhes & Co., N. Y.; also "Poor's Manual."]

Official information was received that hostilities had taken place between the French and the Chinese before the capital of Tonquin. The avowed purpose of the French is to establish a protectorate.

May 10.—The New York *World* newspaper was purchased by Joseph Pulitzer, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, nominally for the sum of \$400,000. The politics of the paper remain unchanged—Democratic, that is.—One of the largest oil fires on record was caused by lightning at Communipaw, N. J. A tank was struck and exploded, and four more tanks followed. Six lives were lost, and some \$800,000 worth of property destroyed.

May 11.—Mr. Amasa Stone, the Cleveland millionaire, committed suicide. He began life as a carpenter, and died worth some six millions, much of which he gave to benevolent and philanthropic objects. Business losses are supposed to have unsettled his reason.

[See articles on "Suicide" in *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. VIII, p. 84, and Vol. LIV, p. 491, and Vol. CLXVIII, p. 376; *Nation*, Vol. XXXIII, p. 517.]

Mrs. Jessie R. Grant, mother of General Grant, died in Jersey City, aged eighty-four years.

May 12.—A notable decree of divorce was granted in Nevada in the case of Mrs. Fair, wife of James Fair, the "bonanza" Senator. The divorced wife receives the comfortable sum of \$4,250,000 in money and United States bonds, the family resi-

dence in San Francisco and the custody of three minor children. Divorce is also a prominent subject of discussion elsewhere, especially in Pennsylvania, where leading judges have united in suggesting important changes in the existing practices of the courts.

[See "History and Doctrine of Divorce," by T. D. Woolsey, *New Englander*, Vol. XXVI, pp. 88, 212, 482, and Vol. XXVII, pp. 12, 517, 764.]

Ex-Governor Israel Washburne, of Maine, died in Philadelphia, aged seventy-one years.

May 13.—Joe Brady, convicted of participation in the Cavendish murder, was hanged in Dublin.—The International Fisheries Exhibition was opened in London with great ceremony by the Prince of Wales.

[See J. G. Bartram in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. XVI, p. 406; Report of U. S. Centennial Commission.]

May 15.—Church and State in their Irish relations were thrown into violent agitation by the announcement that the Pope has addressed an imperative letter to the Irish bishops, warning them against encouraging the existing agitations, and recommending respectful language toward the government.—The signing of a treaty of peace between Chili and Peru is announced. It grants a ten years' cession of certain disputed territory to Chili, at the end of which time the question of title will be amicably settled by vote.

May 17.—The city of Denison, Texas, and the eastern portion of Nebraska were visited by tornadoes, which left nothing standing in their track.—The Right Rev. Jesse T. Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died, aged seventy-two years. He was formerly President of Dickinson College, and was a founder of Syracuse University.

May 18.—On Friday evening a tornado struck Racine, Wisconsin, demolishing one hundred and fifty houses and barns and killing a score of persons.—Daniel Curly, the second of the convicted Cavendish murderers, was hanged in Dublin.

May 19.—The Irish-American mystery regarding the existence of one Tynan, the founder of the murderous society of "Invincibles," and known as "No. 1," has been settled by Roger A. Pryor, Esq., who came forward as his counsel, and offered to produce him if wanted.

May 21.—A heavy snowstorm occurred in Ohio and Indiana, the snow breaking down trees and covering the ground to the depth of a foot in the vicinity of Lima.—It is announced semi-officially that the Marquis of Lansdowne will succeed the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada.

May 24.—The wire suspension-bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn was opened with brilliant and appropriate ceremonies, and, notwithstanding the tremendous crowds, no serious accident occurred.

[See *Eclectic Engineering*, Vol. XXIII, p. 111; Knight's "Mechanical Dictionary," J. A. Roebling on "Long and Short-Span Railway Bridges," Van Nostrand, New York.]

May 25.—Edouard Laboulaye, the well known French jurist, died, aged seventy-two years. A powerful friend of the United States during the civil war.

[See his "History of the Law Relative to Landed Property in Europe," also, articles in the *Debate* favoring the Northern States in the War of the Rebellion.]

The Dominion of Canada Parliament was prorogued by the Governor-General. Regarding the settlement of disputes between the Dominion Government and the Province of British Columbia, the Dominion Government have agreed to give a money grant to the province amounting to \$1,000,000, of which \$750,000 is to indemnify the province for the loss sustained in carrying out the terms of the confederation and for the delay in building the Canadian Pacific Railway.

May 26.—Despatches received in Paris brought news of farther active hostilities in Tonquin, and of the departure of strong detachments of Chinese troops for the seat of war.

May 27.—The coronation ceremonies were concluded at Moscow, having been begun on the 23d, and carried out with unprecedented magnificence. The most extraordinary precautions were taken against Nihilistic plots, and the rites were performed without provoking any overt act.

[See "Life of Peter the Great," by Eugene Schuyler, *Scribner's Monthly*, Vols. XIX, XX, XXI and XXII.]

May 28.—Six persons were killed and twelve injured by a tornado in Clay City, Indiana.

Dr. Jernan



Vol. 2

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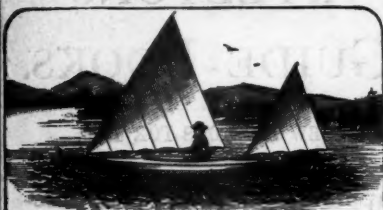
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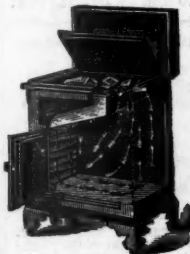
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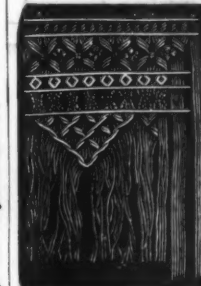
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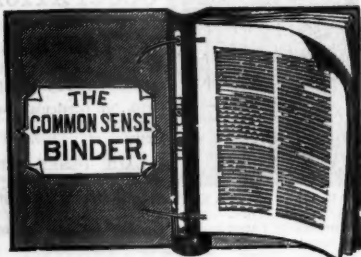
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A Boston scientist has discovered that milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda. In the course of time that scientist may further discover that some flour and a pinch of salt in addition to the soda will result in a batter which can be baked on a griddle, and the result will be a dish known to his ancestors for centuries under the general name of flannel cakes.—*Philadelphia News*.

A young man who was deeply in debt Began on horses to bet.

But he felt much in doubt

How his fate would turn out,

If a loss he should happen to get.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Philadelphia girl says that the race of young men with noble principles, superior intelligence and personal graces seems to be dying out, but she is mistaken. Though it's only natural that it should seem so to a Philadelphia girl.—*Boston Post*.

The chap who recently stole a watch from a Harlem clergyman brought it back the other day with the remark that he never knew before what mean time was.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Scotch definition of metaphysics: "Twa men are talking together. He that's listening dinna ken what he that's speaking means; and he that's speaking dinna ken what he means himself."

It is wrong to laugh at the crooked legs of the young man in tight trousers, but it is perfectly proper to laugh at the tight trousers upon the man with the crooked legs.—*Boston Transcript*.

A young Nebraska farmer refused to marry his betrothed because she used powder. He evidently thought it unsafe to have a match where there was so much powder.—*Boston Transcript*.

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